

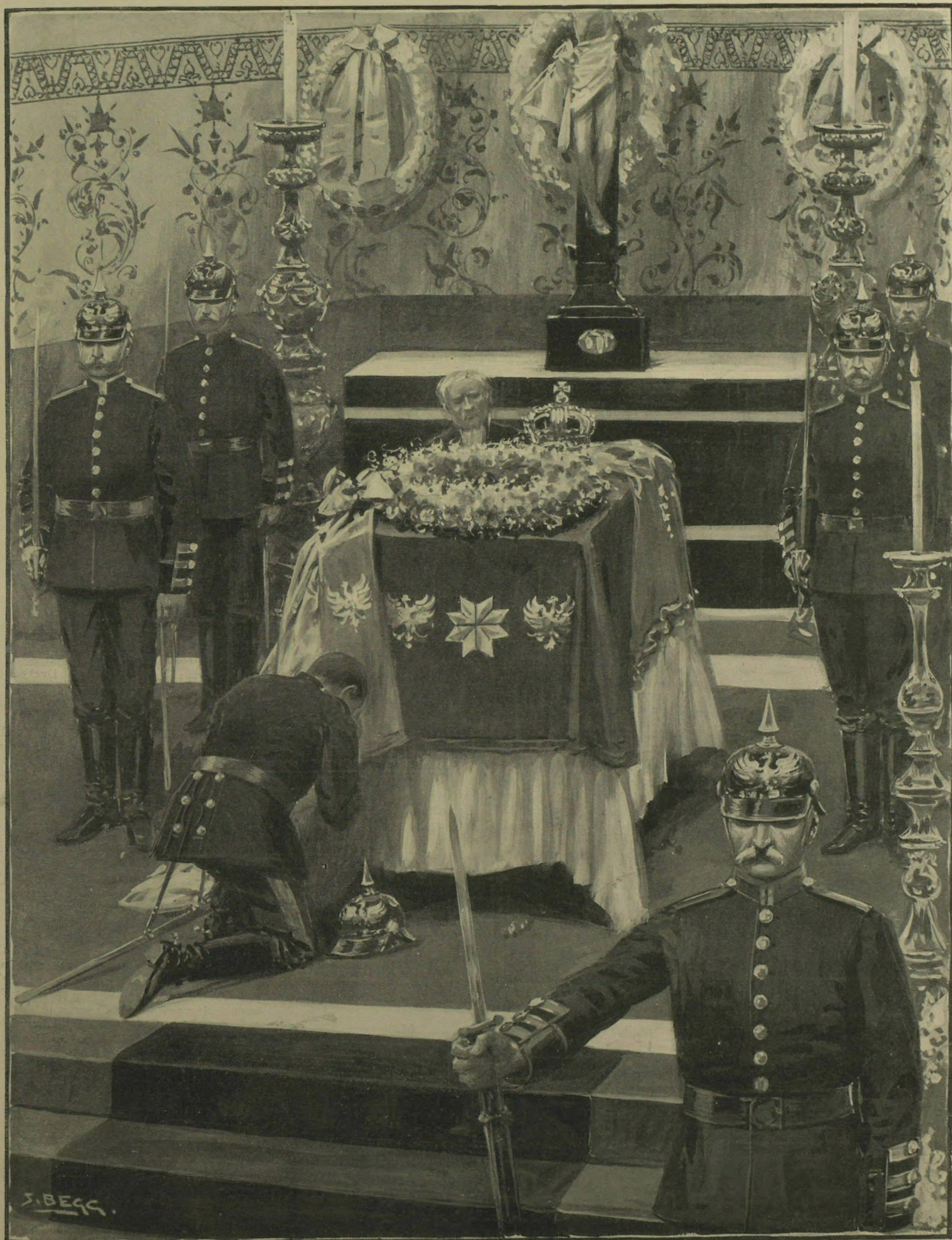
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3252.—VOL. CXIX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1901.

WITH SUPPLEMENT: THE EMPRESS'S FUNERAL SIXPENCE



THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK: THE GERMAN EMPEROR KNEELING AT THE FOOT OF THE COFFIN IN THE CHURCH AT CRONBERG.

FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CRONBERG.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

M. Marcel Prevost has sojourned in England, and knows something of our ways. The scene of his best novel, "Frédérique," is laid, for the most part, in London, and he writes of our bewildering city with sympathetic knowledge. Only one slip can I call to mind—"The clock of a neighbouring club struck the hour of midnight." Our club clocks are shy and retiring, and do not strike in public. But for a French novelist to conduct his characters through the labyrinth of London, and make only this trivial error, is an achievement that gives M. Prevost a pedestal in our esteem. So when I find an article of his in the *Figaro*, descriptive of the typical Englishman, I prepare to consider it with fitting gravity. The Frenchman who knows London so well (save the club clock) ought to know the typical Englishman. This worthy is named Harry Brompton; and M. Prevost encounters him on board a steamer. He is squarely built, and floridly tinted, partly by the sun, and partly by alcohol. He is on excellent terms with M. Prevost, and calls him "Old man" and "My fellow." I never heard an Englishman address anybody, even his dearest friend, as "My fellow"; but perhaps this is a slip, like the club clock.

Harry Brompton talks politics, and explains the British Empire. He does not say that it is the Empire on which the sun never sets, although that would account (partly) for his complexion. He is above such commonplace. He says with calm conviction that the day will come when every man, whatever his nationality, will be proud to declare, "I am a British citizen," just as in the ancient world the supreme boast of mankind was "Civis Romanus sum." M. Prevost receives this without surprise. It is the sentiment he expects from the typical Briton. Moreover, he has a melancholy suspicion that Harry Brompton is a true prophet. We are, he remarks, a dull, but robust, obstinate, and aggressive race, just the kind of sledge-hammer that crushes an intellectual people. The French are an intellectual people; therefore, they may wake up some morning and find themselves British citizens. The Anglo-Saxons, says Mr. Brompton, meaning the population of Britain and her Colonies, and unkindly ignoring America, are sure to grip the whole globe. Having settled that, he retires to the cabin, and snores, leaving the "Old man" and "My fellow" to reflect with sardonic emphasis on the quality of the British snore. I suppose it is symbolic of the roar of Britannia's cannon that is to overawe the world.

Mr. George Moore has said that the British Empire ought to be called the Brixton Empire, and I am told that he is writing a great satire on this theme. M. Prevost has anticipated this by starting a Brompton Empire, in which the "intellectuals" of the earth are to accept the citizenship of the universal conqueror. Another French writer, M. Georges Darien, may not welcome this consummation, although he has not a good word for his own country, and nothing but eulogy for ours. He goes so far as to assert that it is difficult to find pretty women in France, whereas in England you meet them at every turn. I am afraid of even demurring to any judgment of M. Darien's, for in nearly every page I find a warning in these terms: "This is the truth, and any man who denies it is an infamous liar, and deserving of death." Death is very busy in the volume that M. Darien, with pleasant irony, calls "La Belle France." M. François Coppée is guillotined quite early, and carries his head under his arm, like St. Denis, putting it on again when he has to be hanged for a change. All the heads of the *bourgeoisie* are to come off, private property in land is to be abolished, and then France will start upon a new career of beauty and philosophy. But what if she be absorbed in the Brompton Empire? In view of that contingency, M. Darien's amiable plan may have to be enlarged; and I begin to finger my own neck with some anxiety.

"A Colonial Englishwoman" writes to me from Cape Town an admirable letter about the Boer refugee camps. The Commission of Inspection, she says, will do good service if it be understood that the difficulty of feeding and sheltering many thousands of homeless people, together with the army of occupation, in so vast a theatre of war, taxed from the outset the greatest energy, capacity, and goodwill. It must also be remembered that the Boer families, even in the heyday of prosperity and tranquillity, enjoyed few, if any, of the comforts which we consider essential. "Even wealthy officials in Pretoria, if of Boer origin, have spent most of their lives in very homely surroundings. A large number of the Transvaalers belong to what is known as the 'Trek Boer' class. These people every winter take their flocks to the lowlands, and live an open-air life for the four coldest months of the year. I have myself visited several of these encampments, and have found a well-to-do Boer living with his wife, half-a-dozen children, and some native servants in one wagon and a small calico tent. Some twelve years ago the Landdrost of Barberton, a cousin of Sir Henry de Villiers, came with his family for a visit to

a small village near which I was living. This official, his wife, and seven children all slept in one wagon. Can you suppose that camp life can have many real hardships for these people? And when we consider that even on their farms they are accustomed to a lack of what we consider bare necessities, I cannot but believe that many of these families are better off than they have ever been before."

My correspondent asks why "the benevolent people who seem burning to serve the cause of humanity" in the concentration camps have remained indifferent to the sufferings of the British refugees, who were driven out of the Transvaal, or made homeless by the depredations of the Boers in Natal. "Do you wonder that we loyalists in South Africa, who have suffered so much, are inclined to regard all this stir as either the outcome of a Jellyby-like sentimentalism, or as a political move?" A very shrewd question; for has not Mr. Kruger pointed out to his coadjutors in South Africa that our care of the Boer families is an excellent reason why the burghers should go on fighting? While Boeritis weeps for the Boer women and children, Mr. Kruger announces that they are comfortably provided for. Your political Jellyby does not care a rush for the privations of the British refugees, who are subsisting on precarious charity; but he thinks it is "mean barbarity" to make the fighting Boers pay for the maintenance of their families, whom we have saved from starvation on the veldt. It is sad to think that we cannot gratify him by helping the enemy to win every trick.

Rewards are the salt of public life and national service; but now and then arises a rare spirit who declares that the sense of duty accomplished is the highest dignity. An officer in the Imperial Light Horse, who had been made a C.B., begged permission to forego the honour on the ground that he wished to serve the King without ornament. His request was readily granted; and I can imagine that the King must have felt no small sense of refreshment at the novelty of this particular act of grace. Monarchs have an extensive and peculiar knowledge of human nature, and when they happen to be surprised, especially by unlooked-for self-denial, they must cherish a grateful remembrance of a new sensation. There are many pleasant stories of the King. One of them would have been a joy to Thackeray, for it shows that the regal dignity may be keenly alive to a humorous situation. One of the King's oldest friends went to call upon him just after his accession. On the stairs the visitor was met by an equerry, who wore a very solemn face. "Let me warn you," said he, "that things are not what they were." "What do you mean?" "Well, you can't go into the King's presence in the old free and easy way. You'll have to make an obeisance." "A what?" blurted out the visitor, a genial Irish nobleman, who had never made an obeisance in his life. "Oh, it's a bow from the small of your back. That isn't all. The King may offer you an Order; but before that you'll have to kiss his hand!"

This was too much for the Irish nobleman, who indignantly sputtered something to the effect that he had never kissed a man's hand, and was not going to begin. The equerry looked still more solemn, and the visitor continued his way upstairs with a brow of perplexity. The King received him very gravely, with a slight inclination of the head, and no other sign of recognition. "Faith, it's the blessed obeisance, I suppose," thought the Irish nobleman, and he did his best with the manoeuvre from the small of the back. Something glimmered across the King's face; then he silently extended his hand with the back of it uppermost. His faithful subject stared at the hand, grew very red in the face, made a clutch and caught the King by the wrist. They looked at each other, and the King burst into hearty laughter. "You're not kissing my hand," said he, highly delighted; "you're tickling my wrist!" Then he put his hand into a drawer, and added, "After that I won't offer you an Order!" This anecdote may not be strictly accurate. The fancy of intermediary gossip may have embellished it before it reached me. Let us make that confession to the eternal verities. But I doubt not this substratum—that humour, among other graces, is enthroned in this realm of Britain in the person of the Sovereign. Surely a comforting thought for an Empire which has a good deal more of this quality than Mr. Brompton and his friend, M. Prevost.

The King's new title affirms his sovereignty over "all the British Dominions beyond the seas." This clause is introduced into the formal recital of his dignities in order to gratify the loyal sentiment of the Colonies, especially of those Colonies which have made it clear that they will not hold aloof when some enterprising neighbour of ours is tempted by a weakly guarded frontier to help himself to a fragment of the Empire. This proof of our solidarity may be a nightmare to M. Prevost, but to most of us it is the modest radiance of common-sense. And it shows that the Crown is still the symbol of Imperial unity for those freely governed Dependencies, which are republics in all but name.

## FUNERAL OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

After lying in state for four days at the Castle of Friedrichshof, the body of the Empress Frederick was borne on the evening of Aug. 10 to the ancient Church of St. John at Cronberg. Signs of mourning, which had been general ever since the Empress's death, had now become more numerous and striking. Crowds of mourners began to pour in from the surrounding country, and everywhere in the streets flags with crape draperies were displayed. At the entrance of the principal street stood an arch of oak and pine, bearing the imperial crown and gilded cross and flanked by flaming torches. The evening was such as befitted the solemn rites soon to be enacted. As the daylight closed, flashes of sheet lightning played about the mountains, and the air was dull and oppressive. As the hour of the funeral approached, guards were posted in close order along the streets and roads, and orderlies and cyclist messengers dashed to and fro incessantly. Between nine and ten o'clock the Emperor William came from Homburg, his carriage driving at a furious pace. At ten o'clock, amid a general tolling of bells, the procession, headed by a body of torch-bearers, emerged from the great gates of the Park of Friedrichshof. The coffin was borne by ten non-commissioned officers of the 80th Regiment, of which the late Empress was Colonel. It was draped with the Empress's flag, upon which was laid her crown. At a distance of some three or four paces walked the Emperor with bowed head. His Imperial Majesty bore in his hand a Field-Marshal's bâton. He was followed by the Crown Prince and two of his brothers, and then came other near relatives of the departed. The Court officials from the household of the Emperor William and the Empress Frederick came next, and the rear was brought up by a company of soldiers.

Thus solemnly and in silence the procession passed on through the quaint streets of Cronberg until the church was reached. Within, immediately in front of the Communion Table, had been erected a catafalque draped with dark purple velvet and lighted at each corner by massive candelabra. Close to the Communion Table stood heralds, who bore the orders of the late Empress, and on each side exquisite wreaths had been piled. As the coffin was placed upon the bier, four officers with drawn swords ranged themselves round it, and thereupon Dr. Dryander, Court Chaplain, recited some verses from the Psalter. At the conclusion of the psalm, which was given entirely without musical accompaniment, the Emperor advanced to the bier and laid upon it a beautiful wreath. This done, he knelt down and covered his face with his hands. His example was followed by all the mourners. After an interval his Majesty arose, and leaving the church, drove homewards.

On Sunday morning, shortly before nine o'clock, King Edward and Queen Alexandra arrived at Homburg, and were received with the utmost privacy by the Emperor William in person. His Majesty wore the uniform of the Prussian Regiment of Dragoon Guards, of which he is honorary Colonel. The Kaiser was in the uniform of a British Field-Marshal. The Crown Prince, the Imperial Chancellor, and Sir Frank Lascelles were present, and Queen Alexandra was attended by the Duchess of Buccleuch. The memorial service in the Church of St. John at Cronberg began at four o'clock in the afternoon, and before that time a large concourse of distinguished personages had assembled. Notable among the mourners were the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Duke of Cambridge and Prince and Princess Christian. The German Empress was accompanied by the Crown Prince. Shortly after the arrival of Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, the Emperor William and King Edward entered. His Britannic Majesty still wore his Prussian uniform. While their Majesties were taking their places before the Communion Table, a prelude was played upon the organ, and then the choir, drawn from the singers of Berlin Cathedral, sang "I know that my Redeemer Liveth." Dr. Dryander read the passages of the Funeral Service beginning "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Another anthem followed, and the brief service, which lasted in all little more than half-an-hour, came to an end with the Lord's Prayer and the Benediction. The Amens were rendered more impressive by the accompanying roll of muffled drums outside the church. King Edward and the Emperor then drove back to Friedrichshof, whence they proceeded to Homburg. At Ritter's Hotel their Majesties took affectionate leave of one another.

On Monday morning the royal mourners proceeded to Potsdam; and on Tuesday the Empress was finally laid to rest beside the Emperor Frederick in the Mausoleum of the Friedenskirche.

In accordance with the Empress's wish for a private funeral, spectators were debarred from the line of route, which was closely guarded from Wild Park Station to the Friedenskirche. The German Empress and Queen Alexandra drove at once to the Mausoleum to await the arrival of the procession. As the cortège advanced, one military band after another stationed along the line







# THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALER AND KÖNIGL, HOMBURG.



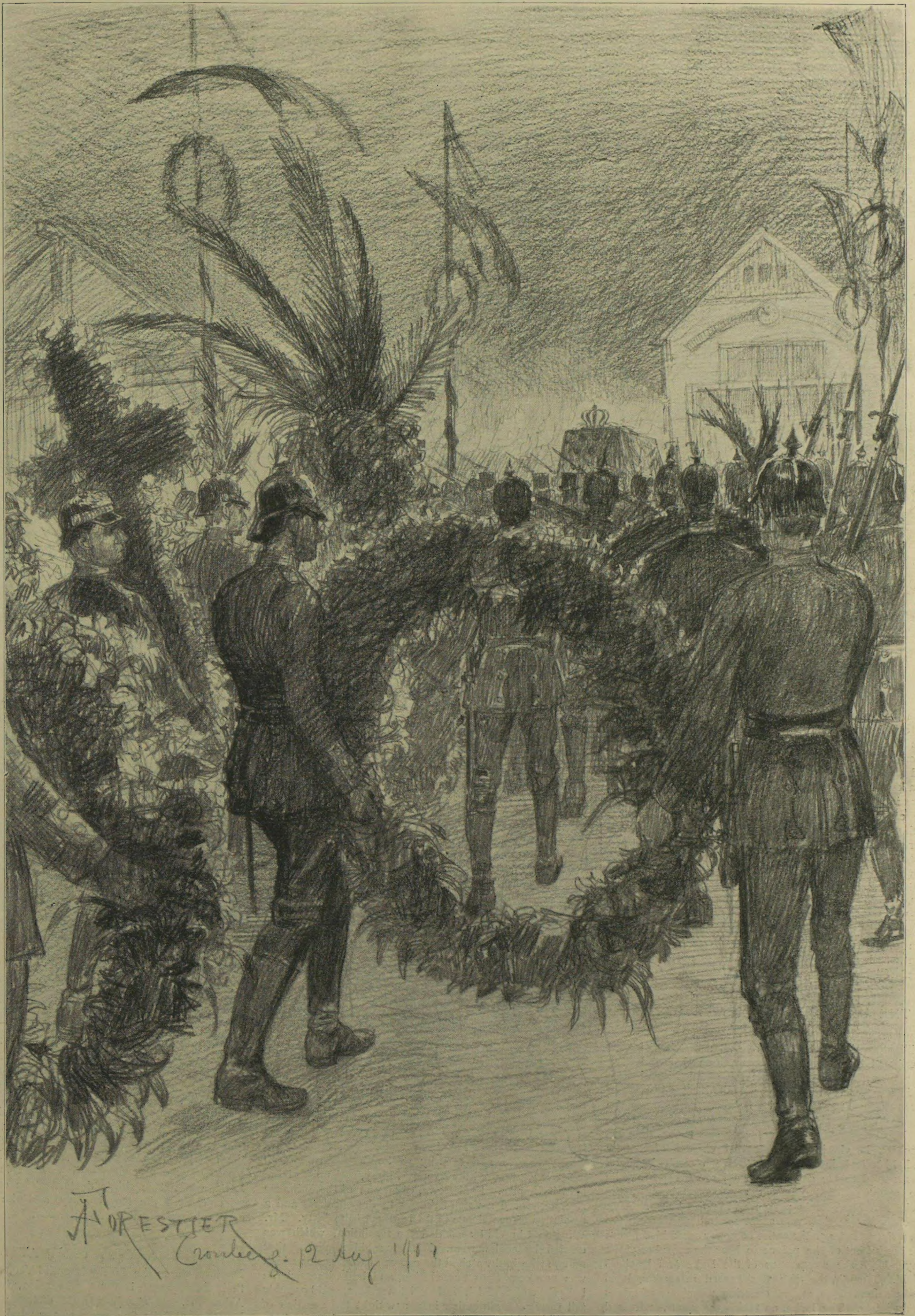
KING EDWARD AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR ENTERING CRONBERG TO ATTEND THE MEMORIAL SERVICE ON AUGUST 11.



THE CROWN PRINCE, PRINCE EITEL FRITZ, AND PRINCE ADALBERT ENTERING CRONBERG TO ATTEND THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.



THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.



THE LAST SCENE AT CRONBERG: ARRIVAL OF THE BODY AT THE RAILWAY STATION, EN ROUTE FOR POTSDAM.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CRONBERG.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AT HOBART.

Pictures that have been received by the Australasian mail carry us back to the Duke of Cornwall and York's visit to Tasmania, which began on July 2. On the third day of his stay at Hobart the Duke laid the foundation-stone of a monument to the Tasmanian Volunteers who died in South Africa. His Royal Highness made a sympathetic and appropriate speech. Among the decorations at Hobart not the least remarkable was the fountain-arch, situated on the site of the new Post and Telegraph Office. The structure was 70 ft. high and 80 ft. in width. The framework was built of oregon and hardwood, and was painted with buff and white. On either side was a pyramid 40 ft. high, with the arch, ornamented by a small tower, between. The arch had four lines of lights, each with a star, and was ornamented with eighteen rings made of wood, with small lamps fixed all round. The colouring, which started from the

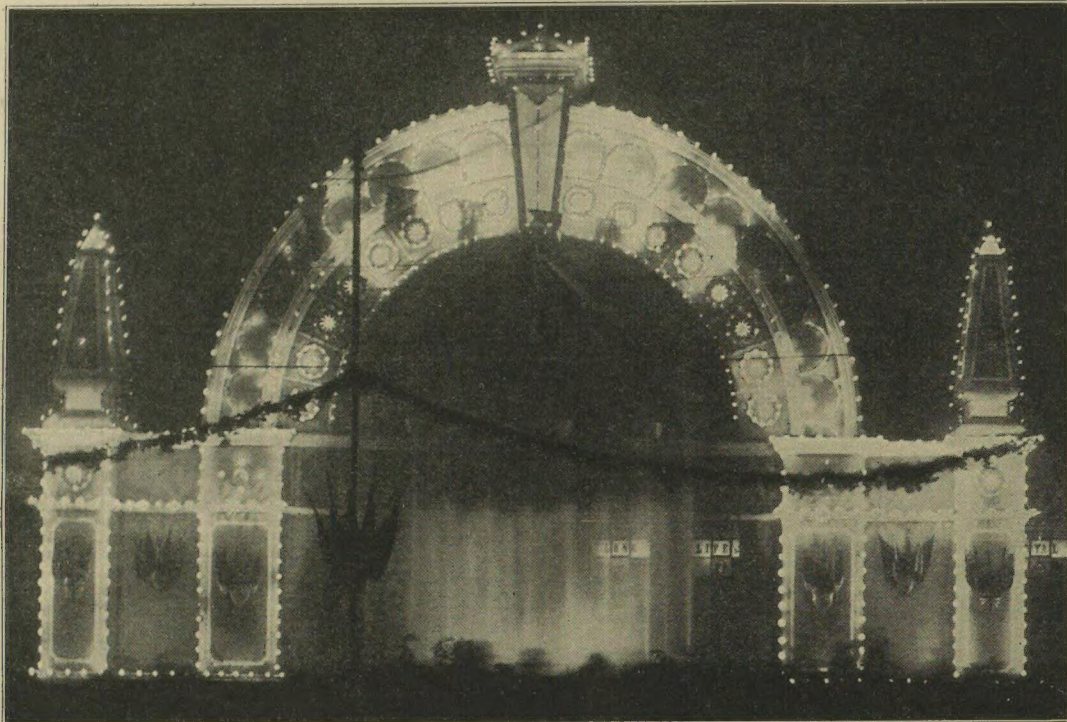
Mr. Balfour said, was the only one since the time of the great Reform Bill that had survived a General Election in undiminished strength after five years of official life. He failed to see the smallest sign of a waning of the public confidence. The Opposition was in a large measure avowedly unpatriotic, and such a party the country would never accept. He drew a striking parallel between the tactics now pursued by the Boers and by the Opposition, and argued that as success would crown our arms in the field, so success would attend the Unionist party in the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain, who followed, and was accorded a similar reception to that given to Mr. Balfour, held that the remnant of the Liberal party was daily sinking deeper into the Pro-Boer and Little-Englander marsh. He described the Liberal Imperialists as persons who wished both to preserve the Empire and to support Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—things, he argued, which were incompatible. He criticised Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's recent utterances at

noteworthy page in English history for the last fifty years. After the usual acknowledgments the proceedings terminated.

For the reception the Great Central Railway arranged a remarkable corridor dining-car train, which practically constituted a travelling hotel for nearly two hundred persons; and this enterprise constitutes a record in the history of our railways. The Great Central Railway arranged to convey 194 of the Duke's guests from Yorkshire and the Midlands to Blenheim. These guests numbered sixty-eight first-class and 126 third-class passengers, every one of whom was supplied on the train with breakfast and dinner, and the whole of these provisions were prepared and cooked on the train by the company's servants. Nine corridor dining-cars made up the train, which, with the engine, was seventy yards long and weighed 270 tons. The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway joined with the Great Central in supplying the engines for the train over a portion of the journey.

## THE OFFICERS OF THE "DISCOVERY."

All the officers of the South Polar exploration vessel *Discovery* possess the modern qualification of youthfulness. Captain Scott, though he is but thirty years of age, is a skilled navigator and seaman. He was formerly a Lieutenant on H.M.S. *Majestic*, and has fifteen years' service to his credit. Lieutenant Royds, who is to be in charge of the meteorological department, is a nephew of Sir Harry Rawson and of the late Commander Wyatt Rawson, who served under Captain Nares in the Arctic Expedition of 1876. The engineer, Mr. Reginald Skelton, was also trained on board H.M.S. *Majestic*. Lieutenant Armitage, who took part in the Jackson Expedition, has charge of the ice-navigation of the



ILLUMINATED FOUNTAIN-ARCH AT HOBART.

bottom of the arch, presented an extended gradation of hues: beginning with deep ruby, it passed through crimson, dark orange, orange, dark amber, and amber and white, the whole being surmounted by a keystone in green. The pyramids on either side were in the same style of colouring. Underneath the centre of the arch were twenty-eight jets, each submerged half an inch in water. The tank, therefore, remained filled with water, diverted in a certain course by an overflow pipe. The water was supplied to the jets by a 3-in. pipe from the ordinary main. At night-time oxy-ether limelight, with dissolving colours, played on the water. The whole of the light was obtained from a transformer, fixed in the base of the fountain. A collection of ferns and other plants ornamented the front, and at night the structure presented a wonderful blaze of colour.

THE UNIONIST DEMONSTRATION  
AT BLENHEIM.

Brilliant weather favoured the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's reception of some three thousand representatives of the Conservative and Liberal Unionist Associations of the United Kingdom, given on Aug. 10 at Blenheim Palace. Before noon the guests had assembled within the grounds of the Duke of Marlborough's residence, and spent the time till luncheon in viewing the principal objects of artistic and historical interest. At twelve o'clock luncheon was served to the delegates in a large marquee, while the members of Parliament were entertained by the Duke and Duchess in person within the house. After luncheon, some time was spent in strolling through the grounds, and at 2.30 the entire company assembled before the north front of the palace to hear the speeches of the day. Until the appearance of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the time was passed in singing loyal and patriotic songs, and in cheering prominent members of the party. The Duke, on taking the chair, expressed his unbounded satisfaction in welcoming the representatives of Conservative and Liberal Unionist Associations. They had met to celebrate and demonstrate the unity and cohesion of both wings of the party. He then called on Mr. Balfour to speak, and the Leader of the House, on rising, was received by the chorus: "For he's a jolly good fellow," sung by the entire company to the music of the band. The present Administration,



THE DUKE LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A MEMORIAL TO TASMANIAN VOLUNTEERS KILLED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK AT HOBART, TASMANIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEATTIE, HOBART.

Peckham, and concluded by adjuring the delegates to go back once more to spread the light in all the districts of Great Britain, and to make clear the great issues for which the war has been undertaken, which were to give peace and security to South Africa, and to preserve unimpaired the strength, glory, and unity of the British Empire. Lord Howe, Chairman of the Primrose League, moved a vote of thanks to the speakers and a resolution of confidence in the leaders of the party. Mr. Winston Churchill seconded the resolution, which was carried by acclamation. Mr. Churchill remarked that no one who had watched the course of the Session which was now coming to a conclusion, and had witnessed the behaviour of the Irish Nationalist members, could possibly fail to regard altogether in a new light the question of the reduction of the over-representation of Ireland, to bring it into conformity with England and Scotland. Referring to Imperial unity, Mr. Churchill said it was the fashion in the palmy days of Liberalism to send the lame ducks to the Colonial Office, a course which had hardly been followed by the Unionist party. He was glad to be on the same platform with a Colonial Minister whose administration would be regarded as perhaps the most

vessel. On the scientific staff are Professor Gregory, of Melbourne, whose explorations in Spitzbergen and in the Great Rift Valley placed him in the front rank of our younger scientific men; Mr. Hodgson, who is the biologist of the company, and Mr. Murray. Dr. Koettlitz, who was also with Jackson in Franz Josef Land, will act as ship's doctor. The crew has been selected from the Royal Navy, and the entire ship's company numbers about fifty persons.

## THE YEOMANRY CAMP AT DENBIES.

Denbies, where the Surrey Imperial Yeomanry have had their encampment, is a stately mansion, the seat of Lord Ashcombe. It stands a little distance north-west of Dorking, and its fine grounds are admirably suited to the purposes of the camp. The usual field exercises, target practice, and camp duties were carried out, and on Sunday there was a general muster for Church Parade. Denbies House is an interesting building, the work of the late T. Cubitt. From the heights above the mansion the dome of St. Paul's and the towers of Westminster are visible on a clear day.



## PERSONAL.

Their Majesties, accompanied by a considerable suite, among whom were the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Clarendon, and the Mistress of the Robes—the Duchess of Buccleuch—proceeded to Germany, via Flushing, last Saturday. On Sunday King Edward and Queen Alexandra, their suite, and various members of the British royal family, including the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Cambridge, attended the solemn funeral service held at Cronberg in memory of the late Empress Frederick. On Sunday night the King and Queen left for Potsdam, where on Tuesday they witnessed the interment of the late Empress's remains in the beautiful Mausoleum Chapel, which now forms part of the Friedenskirche, where repose the late Emperor Frederick and the Princes Sigismund and Waldemar of Prussia. General mourning began on Thursday, Aug. 8, and is to last till Thursday, Aug. 29.

Prince Henry of Orleans, whose death followed on an operation for abscess on the liver, had never been strong, and, on his return from Central Asia, was kept by illness from the dinner offered by the Geographical Society to him and to M. Bonvalot.

Denied a military career by the law of 1886 against "Pretenders," he became by choice a traveller. In 1887 he went to India with M. de Boissy, and there met the Duke of Orleans, with whom he went tiger-hunting in Nepal. Afterwards he went to Japan; and in 1889 made the tours in Tibet and Tonking which the Geographical Society rewarded by its gold medal. In 1892 he went to Abyssinia, and thence to Siam. Another visit followed to Tibet; and a second Abyssinian tour was marked by a disagreement with the Count of Turin, which led to a duel and the wounding of both combatants. After yet a third visit to Abyssinia, Prince Henry set out for Annam last March, but on its frontier was deterred by the malady which has proved fatal, and was removed to Saigon, where he died on Aug. 9 at the age of thirty-four.

A vigorous protest has been made against trailing skirts in the London streets. They gather the germs of infection, and carry them into the household. This is a more or less speculative opinion, and as it does not present a visible, tangible danger, it may not have much effect upon the people to whom it is addressed.

The public has been a good deal alarmed by the statement of an eminent architect that St. Paul's is made unsafe by the extension of underground railway communication. The effect of this warning is that certain projects have been modified, and it is hoped that the Cathedral will not suffer from any vibration.

Rear-Admiral John Hugh Bainbridge died of apoplexy on Aug. 10 while he was on board his yacht at Bergen.

A native of Cork, born in 1845, he entered the Navy when he was fourteen, and was present, in the year following, at the taking of the Taku forts. He served, too, against the T'ai-ping rebels, and saw service as First Lieutenant during the Abyssinian Campaign. For his successes at Brava in the suppression of the slave-trade he received, thirty years ago, the thanks of the Admiralty. Returning home, he was appointed to the royal yacht. His last service afloat was the command of the *Nile*, port guard-ship at Devonport. He was promoted to flag rank two years ago, and was still on the active list at the time of his death. The Rear-Admiral, who was a J.P. for County Cork and for Devon, was an A.D.C. to the Queen, had a keen interest in yachting, and once contested Cork against Mr. Parnell. His eldest son is a Sub-Lieutenant on the *Ophir*.

Don Alfonso Bourbon, brother of Don Carlos, is organising a crusade against duelling in Austria. There is to be a congress of anti-duellists to consider the formation of tribunals for the peaceful settlement of "affairs of honour."

M. Santos Dumont, the Brazilian aeronaut, must find popular favour in Paris as uncertain as the breezes that help or hinder his ballooning. Before his mishap he was slightly unpopular. The accident restored him to favour.

Private R. Scott, of the 1st Battalion Manchester Regiment, has been awarded the Victoria Cross. The act of valour which is thus recognised was performed at the beginning of last year during the attack made by the Boers upon Caesar's Camp, in Natal. Private R. Scott, with a companion, Private J. Pitts, occupied on that occasion a sangar, on the left of which all our men had been shot down and their positions occupied by the enemy. These two British soldiers held their post for fifteen hours, without food or water, and under heavy fire. Private Scott was wounded during the fight.

Three envoys from Liberia, all of them negro State officials, waited the other day on Mr. Chamberlain to urge their claim to a monopoly of the navigating rights of the river Manoh, which separates Liberia from Sierra Leone. American philanthropy organised Liberia into a State some eighty years ago, so that in a belt of Africa which was the cradle of the negro race the black man had freedom restored to him. He is there a million strong, and with him the American-

freedom. That is a better policy than the other. It shows, moreover, that the military authorities are perfectly confident of the turn of events.

The musical service at Westminster Abbey has been maintained in full efficiency during August. On the Sunday afternoon following the death of the Empress Frederick, the anthem was exquisitely rendered, as was Chopin's "Funeral March." The only sign that the holiday season was causing the least slackness was the reading of the Collect for the ninth instead of the tenth Sunday after Trinity.

Sir Frederick Pollock has sprinkled a little cold water on the enthusiasm for Alfred the Great. He says there is no evidence to show that Alfred founded the institutions associated with his name. He certainly did found the University of Oxford. Sir Frederick Pollock is inclined, however, to accept the story of the cakes that Alfred in his meditations allowed to burn. This is perhaps the unkindest cut of all.

Francesco Crispi died on Aug. 11, after a strange career, crowded with the little ironies of history. Once a Sicilian Carbonaro, he became in Italy a minister of stern repression when popular outbreaks followed on famine. An exile sheltered by France until 1858, when Orsini threw his bomb he became in after years the man in Europe, next to Bismarck, best hated by Frenchmen. The Triple Alliance, for which he stood, imposed on Italy a profuse expenditure; but squalid little details of private finance towards the end of his life are linked with his name. Finally, the supposed greatest enemy of the Church passed away, after receiving her rites, with the crucifix pressed to his lips. Born at Ribera in 1819, Signor Crispi had Greek ancestry. As a member of the Neapolitan Bar, as a journalist, as a Garibaldian in the field, he had those adventures which led on to his becoming a member of the first Parliament at which Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed King of Italy. His record, no less than his powers as a speaker, led him to the Presidency of the Chamber in 1876. In the following year the triumph of the "moral order" party in France jogged Italy into its alliance with Germany. After his downfall in 1891 he led the Moderate Left in the Chamber, and resumed practice as a lawyer. Called to office again in 1895, he was doomed to final retirement in the following year by the disasters to Italian arms in Abyssinia.

Dr. Parker spent the earlier part of his holiday at Windermere, and was persuaded by his friend Dr. Adamson to address the large congregation which assembles in August at this favourite resort. Dr. Parker's friends in the Lake Country think him looking stronger and better than for several years.

The death of the Right Hon. W. W. Bramston Beach, M.P., which occurred in Westminster Hospital on Saturday, Aug. 3, was the result of an accident on the previous day, when he was thrown from his hansom. Mr. Beach, who was the "Father" of the House of Commons, had reached the age of seventy-five years. The son of the late Mr. William Beach, M.P., of Oakley Hall, Hants, he was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and entered Parliament in 1857 as Conservative member for North Hants—a seat he held until the Redistribution in 1885. Since that date he had sat for the Andover Division. Mr. Beach, who was a silent member, was made a Privy Councillor last year; he often acted as Chairman of Private Bill Committees, and he had been for thirty-two years Provincial Grand Master of the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Freemasons. He married, in 1857, Caroline, youngest daughter of Colonel Augustus Cleveland, and leaves three children, the eldest of whom, Major William Archibald Hicks Beach, married Violet Isabel, daughter of the Hon. Slingsby Bethell.

A book which holiday-makers will find pleasurable and no doubt profitable is Mr. Keble Howard's "Chicot Papers" (Bristol, Arrowsmith), a series of whimsically amusing discourses on current topics. The papers are reprinted from the *Sketch*, and bear with them into volume form Mr. Tom Browne's characteristic illustrations.



Photo. Nadar, Paris.  
THE LATE PRINCE HENRY OF ORLEANS,  
Traveller and Explorer.

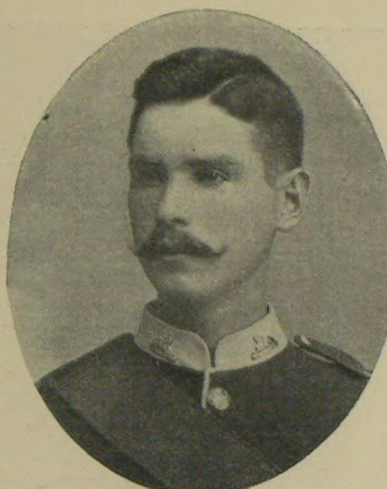


Photo. Elliott, Aldershot.  
PRIVATE SCOTT,  
Awarded V.C. for Gallantry at Caesar's Camp.



The Hon. Arthur Barclay (Secretary). The Hon. Alfred B. King.  
THE LIBERIAN DELEGATES TO THE COLONIAL OFFICE.  
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Africans, who number 40,000 and all but monopolise the cares and the honours of political office. The Republic is a large territory, embracing 350 miles of sea-coast. Of the three plenipotentiaries, the senior is the Hon. Alfred King, President of the Senate. With him are Chief Justice Roberts, who left Georgia for Liberia in 1849, when he was fifteen years of age, and the Hon. Arthur Barclay, Secretary of State.

Lord Kitchener's proclamation fixes Sept. 15 as the date after which the Boer leaders still in the field will be treated as outlaws. Contumacy in their case will be punished by banishment and confiscation. The justification for this measure is that the British forces are in possession of the principal towns, the railways, and the organised administrative machinery; that the greater part of the Boer population is in our hands, either as captives or as refugees; that the whole country was annexed more than a year ago, and that the fighting Boers are a desperate remnant, broken into small parties, and without any kind of control.

In Vienna it is frankly admitted that the course taken by Lord Kitchener would have been adopted long ago by a Continental military Power in a similar situation. Berlin and Paris indulge in the customary invective against British iniquity. This abuse is echoed by a manifesto from Dr. Clifford and a large number of Nonconformist ministers, who inform the world that we are practising the "barbarities of Nebuchadnezzar." Dr. Clifford thinks that peace could easily be made by offering the Boers amnesty, autonomy, and compensation. Generous terms were rejected by the Boers last March; but that is of no consequence to Dr. Clifford. They have declared that they will accept nothing but unqualified independence. They are prolonging a useless struggle, and Dr. Clifford is helping them.

The military censorship has suddenly relaxed, and information is coming from the seat of war with great



Photo. Schemboche, Rome.  
THE LATE SIGNOR CRISPI,  
Ex-Premier of Italy.

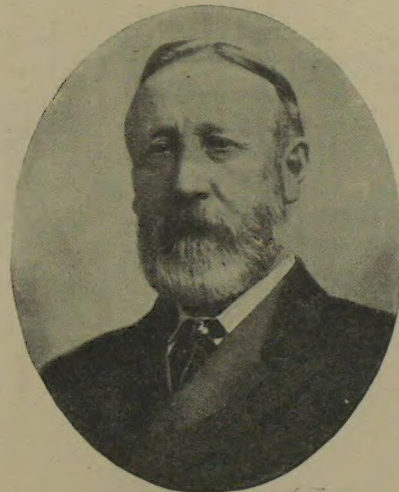


Photo. Russell.  
THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL BAINBRIDGE,  
Distinguished Naval Officer.

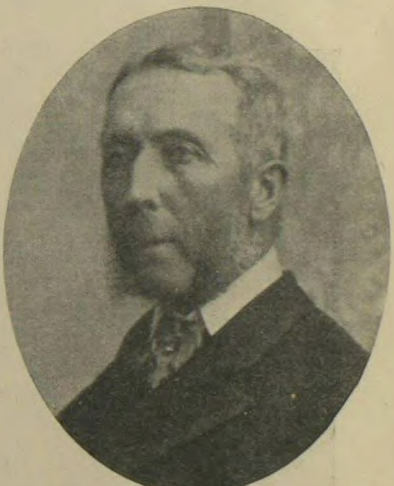
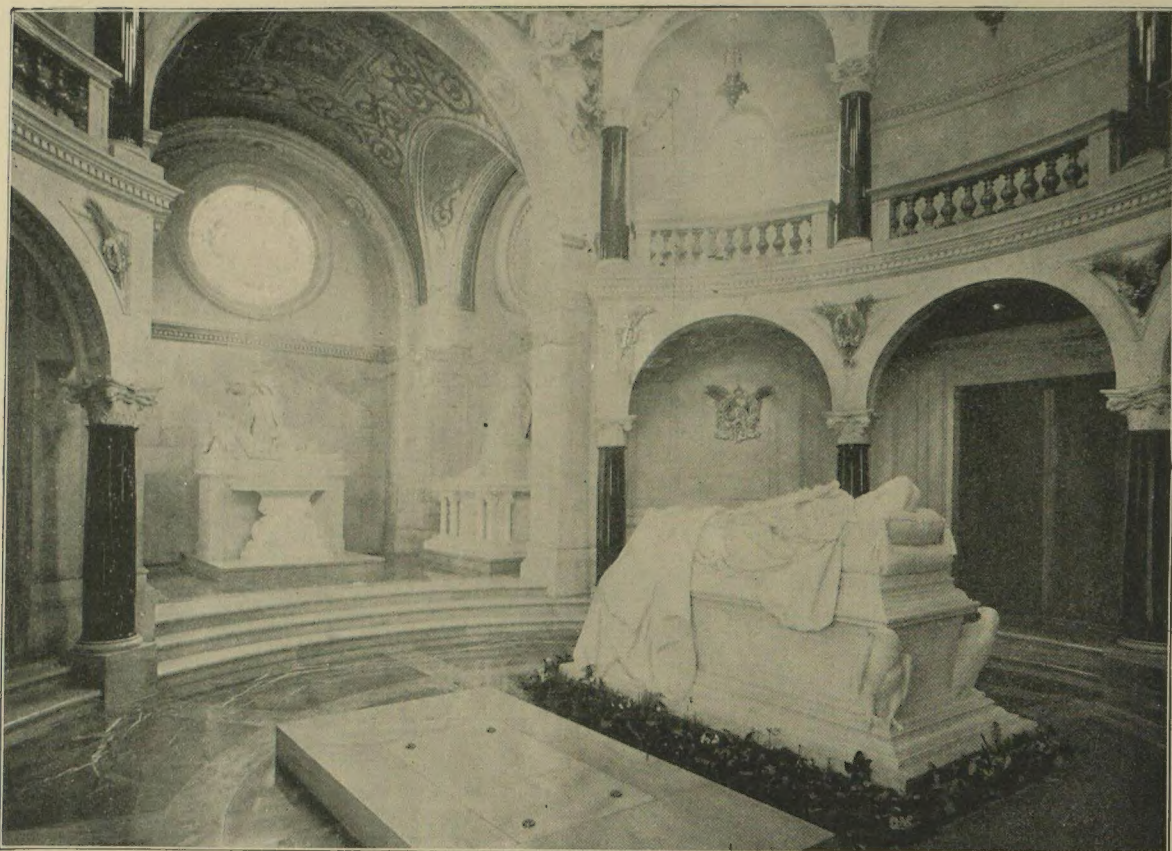


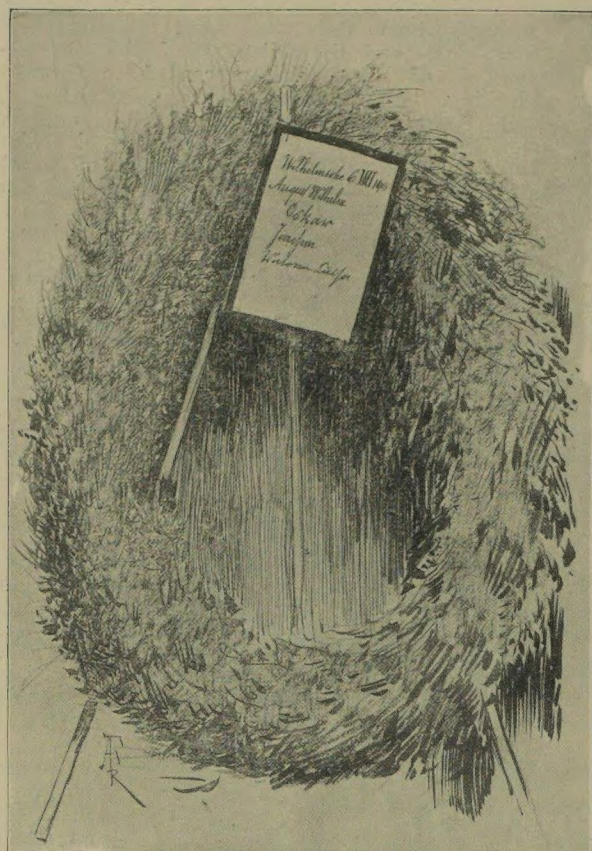
Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE MR. W. W. B. BEACH, M.P.,  
Father of the House of Commons.



## THE L A T E E M P R E S S F R E D E R I C K.

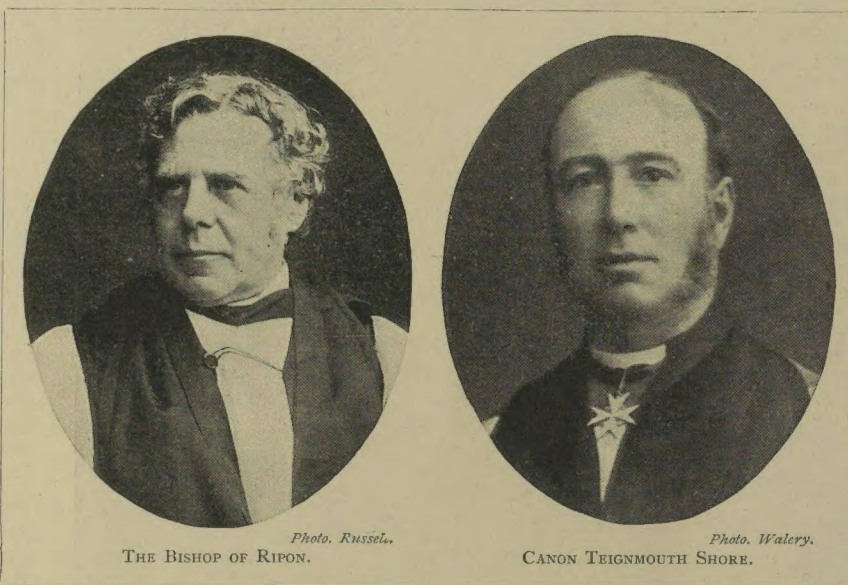


MAUSOLEUM OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK AT POTSDAM,  
SHOWING THE PLACE RESERVED FOR THE EMPRESS'S SARCOPHAGUS.



WREATH SENT BY THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S CHILDREN,  
WITH CARD BEARING THEIR SIGNATURES.  
*Drawn by our Special Artist, A. Forestier.*

Two English clergymen, the Bishop of Ripon and Canon Teignmouth Shore, took part, by the Empress Frederick's desire, in her funeral service. Canon Teignmouth Shore was also present when her Majesty passed away, and recited a commendatory prayer. The Right Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, who has been Bishop of Ripon since 1884, is one of the most distinguished of living Anglican Churchmen. He was born in 1841, and is the son of the Rev. Henry Carpenter, of St. Michael's, Liverpool. He was educated at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, of which society he was a Scholar, and he graduated as a Senior Optime in 1864. He has been Hulsean Lecturer of Cambridge, Bampton Lecturer at Oxford, and Pastoral Lecturer in Theology at Cambridge. His ecclesiastical appointments have been Curate of All Saints', Maidstone; of St. Paul's, Clapham; and of Holy Trinity, Lee; Vicar of St. James's, Holloway; Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate; and Canon of Windsor. He was also Honorary Chaplain and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the late Queen Victoria. His religious writings are numerous and popular.



ENGLISH CLERGYMEN WHO, AT THE LATE EMPRESS'S REQUEST, TOOK PART  
IN THE FUNERAL SERVICES

The Rev. Thomas Teignmouth Shore has been Canon of Worcester since 1891, and was Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria. He was born in Dublin in 1841, and is the eldest son of the Rev. T. R. Shore. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Oxford, and on taking orders, held successively the curacies of St. Jude's, Chelsea, of Kensington, and of St. Peter's, Vere Street, where he was associated with Frederick Denison Maurice. He was afterwards incumbent of St. Mildred's, Lee, and of Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair. He holds the Alice Order of Hesse from the Grand Duke and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Many of his addresses to children have been translated into French, German, and Italian. To Bishop Ellicott's Commentary he contributed the commentary on 1st Corinthians. One of his works, that dealing with difficulties of belief, has reached a tenth edition; another, which has for its subject some questions of the future life, is in its sixth edition, while a seventh edition has been accorded to his "St. George for England," a work specially intended for young people.



THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK AND  
STATUE OF THE BENEDICTINE CHRIST.



THE MAUSOLEUM: ANOTHER VIEW.



T H E   L A T E   E M P R E S S   F R E D E R I C K .

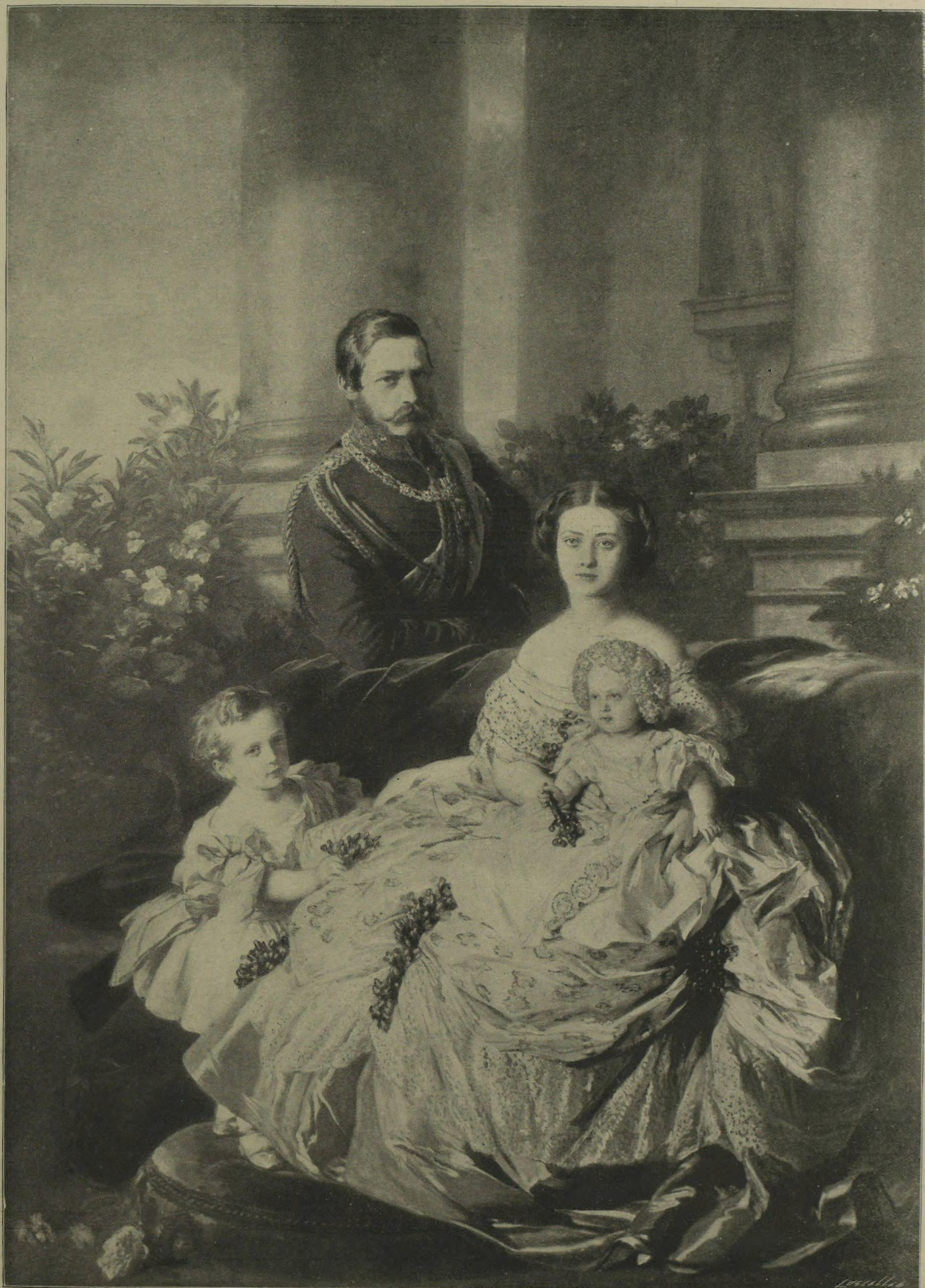


Photo. C. Chusseau-Flavens, Paris.

THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK AS CROWN PRINCE, WITH THE CROWN PRINCESS AND TWO OF THEIR CHILDREN.

FROM A PAINTING.



# THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK.



Photo. Voigt.

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK.



THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK AT THE TIME OF HER WEDDING.



Photo. Voigt.

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

His Majesty King Edward, accompanied by Queen Alexandra and the suite, made a very quiet departure from Charing Cross Station on the evening of Aug. 9, on their way to attend the funeral of the Empress Frederick. At the station a considerable crowd had assembled, but out of a sense of fitness they refrained from any demonstration, contenting themselves with standing in respectful silence

with bared heads while the Sovereign and his Consort joined the train which was to convey them to their yacht. At the station the royal party was received by Mr. Vincent Hill, general manager of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway, Mr. Thomson, the traffic superintendent, and Mr. George Abbott, the station superintendent. The point of embarkation was Port Victoria, where their

Majesties were received by Vice-Admiral Sir William Kennedy, Commander-in-Chief at the Nore. They proceeded immediately on board the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and early on the morning of Aug. 10 set sail for Flushing. Homburg was reached at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, and the King and Queen were received by the Emperor William in person.

Princess Henry of Prussia.

Crown Princess of Greece.

Hereditary Princess Charlotte of Meiningen.

The German Empress.

THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

Princess Victoria of Schaumburg-Lippe.

Princess Frederick Karl of Hesse.



Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe.

Prince Frederick Karl of Hesse.

Prince Henry of Prussia.

The Kaiser.

Crown Prince of Greece.

Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein.

Grand Duke of Hesse.

Prince Alexander of Greece. Princess Helen of Greece. Prince George of Greece.

A FAMILY GROUP TAKEN AT SCHLOSS FRIEDRICHSHOF ON THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY, 1900.



T H E   L A T E   E M P R E S S   F R E D E R I C K .

Prince Nicholas of Greece.

Princess Victoria

Prince Francis of Teck.

Admiral Fullerton.

Sir Dalton Pruden.



DEPARTURE OF KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA ON AUG. 9 FROM CHARING CROSS STATION ON THEIR WAY TO ATTEND THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPRESS.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



THE L A T E E M P R E S S F R E D E R I C K.



THE MAIN STREET, CRONBERG, HUNG WITH CRAPE-WREATHED FLAGS.

FROM A SKETCH BY A. FERGUSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN GERMANY.



T H E   L A T E   E M P R E S S   F R E D E R I C K .



THE GUARDED ROAD TO HOMBURG.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN GERMANY.



T H E   L A T E   E M P R E S S   F R E D E R I C K .



MEMORIAL WREATHS EXHIBITED IN THE ORANGERY AT FRIEDRICHSHOF.

DRAWN BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT FRIEDRICHSHOF.



# A DAUGHTER OF THE LODGE.

By GEORGE GISSING.



Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

FOR a score of years the Rocketts had kept the lodge of Brent Hall. In the beginning, Rockett was head gardener; his wife, the daughter of a shopkeeper, had never known domestic service, and performed her duties at the Hall gates with a certain modest dignity not displeasing to the stately persons upon whom she depended. During the lifetime of Sir Henry, the best possible understanding existed between Hall and lodge. Though Rockett's health broke down, and at length he could work hardly at all, their pleasant home was assured to the family; and at Sir Henry's death, the nephew who succeeded him left the Rocketts undisturbed. But, under this new lordship, things were not quite as they had been. Sir Edwin Shale, a middle-aged man, had in his youth made a foolish marriage; his lady ruled him, not with the gentlest of tongues, nor always to the kindest purpose, and their daughter, Hilda, asserted her rights as only child with a force of character which Sir Edwin would perhaps have more sincerely admired had it reminded him less of Lady Shale.

While the Hall, in Sir Henry's time, remained childless, the lodge prided itself on a boy and two girls. Young Rockett, something of a scapegrace, was by the Baronet's advice sent to sea, and thenceforth gave his parents no trouble. The second daughter, Betsy, grew up to be her mother's help. But Betsy's elder

sister showed from early years that the life of the lodge would afford no adequate scope for her ambitions. May Rockett had good looks; what was more, she had an intellect which sharpened itself on everything with which it came in contact. The village school could never have been held responsible for May Rockett's acquirements and views at the age of ten; nor could the High School in the neighbouring town altogether account for her mental development at seventeen. Not without misgivings had the health-broken gardener and his wife consented to May's pursuit of the higher learning; but Sir Henry and the kind old Lady Shale seemed to think it the safer course, and evidently there was little chance of the girl's accepting any humble kind of employment: in one way or another she must depend for a livelihood upon her brains. At the time of Sir Edwin's succession Miss Rockett had already obtained a place as governess, giving her parents to understand that this was only, of course, a temporary expedient—a paving of the way to something vaguely, but superbly, independent. Nor was promotion long in coming. At two-and-twenty May accepted a secretaryship to a lady with a mission—concerning the rights of womanhood. In letters to her father and mother she spoke much of the importance of her work, but did not confess how very modest was her salary. A couple of

years went by without her visiting the old home; then, of a sudden, she made known her intention of coming to stay at the lodge "for a week or ten days." She explained that her purpose was rest; intellectual strain had begun rather to tell upon her, and a few days of absolute tranquillity, such as she might expect under the elms of Brent Hall, would do her all the good in the world. "Of course," she added, "it's unnecessary to say anything about me to the Shale people. They and I have nothing in common, and it will be better for us to ignore each other's existence."

These characteristic phrases troubled Mr. and Mrs. Rockett. That the family at the Hall should, if it seemed good to them, ignore the existence of May was, in the Rocketts' view, reasonable enough; but for May to ignore Sir Edwin and Lady Shale, who were just now in residence after six months spent abroad, struck them as very grave impropriety. Natural respect demanded that, at some fitting moment, and in a suitable manner, their daughter should present herself to her feudal superiors, to whom she was assuredly indebted, though indirectly, for "the blessings she enjoyed." This was Mrs. Rockett's phrase, and the rheumatic, wheezy old gardener uttered the same opinion in less conventional language. They had no affection for Sir Edwin or his lady, and Miss Hilda they decidedly disliked; their



*May passed through the side entrance, and let the little gate fall to.*



treatment at the hands of these new people contrasted unpleasantly enough with memory of the old times; but a spirit of loyal subordination ruled their blood, and, to Sir Edwin at all events, they felt gratitude for their retention at the lodge. Mrs. Rockett was a healthy and capable woman of not more than fifty, but no less than her invalid husband would she have dreaded the thought of turning her back on Brent Hall. Rockett had often consoled himself with the thought that here he should die, here amid the fine old trees that he loved, in the ivy-covered house which was his only idea of home. And was it not a reasonable hope that Betsy, good, steady girl, should some day marry the promising young gardener whom Sir Edwin had recently taken into his service, and so re-establish the old order of things at the lodge?

"I half wish May wasn't coming," said Mrs. Rockett, after long and anxious thought. "Last time she was here she quite upset me with her strange talk."

"She's a funny girl, and that's the truth," muttered Rockett from his old leather chair, full in the sunshine of the kitchen window. They had a nice little sitting-room; but this, of course, was only used on Sunday, and no particular idea of comfort attached to it. May, to be sure, had always used the sitting-room. It was one of the habits which emphasised most strongly the moral distance between her and her parents.

The subject being full of perplexity, they put it aside, and with very mixed feelings awaited their elder daughter's arrival. Two days later a cab deposited at the lodge Miss May, and her dress-basket, and her travelling-bag, and her hold-all, together with certain loose periodicals and a volume or two bearing the yellow label of Mudie. The young lady was well dressed in a severely practical way; nothing unduly feminine marked her appearance, and in the matter of collar and necktie she inclined to the example of the other sex; for all that, her soft complexion and bright eyes, her well-turned figure and light, quick movements, had a picturesque value which Miss May certainly did not ignore. She manifested no excess of feeling when her mother and sister came forth to welcome her; a nod, a smile, an offer of her cheek, and the pleasant exclamation: "Well, good people!" carried her through this little scene with becoming dignity.

"You will bring these things inside, please," she said to the driver, in her agreeable head-voice, with the tone and gesture of one who habitually gives orders.

Her father, bent with rheumatism, stood awaiting her just within. She grasped his hand cordially, and cried on a cheery note, "Well, father, how are you getting on? No worse than usual, I hope?" Then she added, regarding him with her head slightly aside, "We must have a talk about your case. I've been going in a little for medicine lately. No doubt your country medico is a duffer. Sit down, sit down, and make yourself comfortable. I don't want to disturb anyone. About tea-time, isn't it, mother? Tea very weak for me, please, and a slice of lemon with it, if you have such a thing, and just a mouthful of dry toast."

So unwilling was May to disturb the habits of the family that, half an hour after her arrival, the homely three had fallen into a state of nervous agitation, and could neither say nor do anything natural to them. Of a sudden there sounded a sharp rapping at the window. Mrs. Rockett and Betsy started up, and Betsy ran to the door. In a moment or two she came back with glowing cheeks.

"I'm sure I never heard the bell!" she exclaimed with compunction. "Miss Shale had to get off her bicycle!"

"Was it she who hammered at the window?" asked May coldly.

"Yes—and she was that annoyed."

"It will do her good. A little anger, now and then, is excellent for the health."

And Miss Rockett sipped her lemon-tinctured tea with a smile of ineffable contempt.

The others went to bed at ten o'clock, but May, having made herself at ease in the sitting-room, sat there reading until after twelve. Nevertheless, she was up very early next morning, and, before going out for a sharp little walk (in a heavy shower), she gave precise directions about her breakfast. She wanted only the simplest things, prepared in the simplest way, but the tone of her instructions vexed and perturbed Mrs. Rockett sorely. After breakfast the young lady made a searching inquiry into the state of her father's health, and diagnosed his ailments in such learned words that the old gardener began to feel worse than he had done for many a year. May then occupied herself with correspondence, and before midday sent her sister out to post nine letters.

"But I thought you were going to rest yourself?" said her mother, in an irritable voice quite unusual with her.

"Why, so I am resting!" May exclaimed. "If you saw my ordinary morning's work! I suppose you

have a London newspaper? No? How *do* you live without it? I must run into the town for one this afternoon."

The town was three miles away, but could be reached by train from the village station. On reflection, Miss Rockett announced that she would use this opportunity for calling on a lady whose acquaintance she desired to make, one Mrs. Lindley, who in social position stood on an equality with the family at the Hall, and was often seen there. On her mother's expressing surprise, May smiled indulgently.

"Why shouldn't I know Mrs. Lindley? I have heard she's interested in a movement which occupies me a good deal just now. I know she will be delighted to see me. I can give her a good deal of first-hand information, for which she will be grateful. You *do* amuse me, mother," she added in her blandest tone. "When will you come to understand what my position is?"

The Rocketts had put aside all thoughts of what they esteemed May's duty towards the Hall; they earnestly hoped that her stay with them might pass unobserved by Lady and Miss Shale, whom, they felt sure, it would be positively dangerous for the girl to meet. Mrs. Rockett had not slept for anxiety on this score. The father was also a good deal troubled; but his wonder at May's bearing and talk had, on the whole, an agreeable preponderance over the uneasy feeling. He and Betsy shared a secret admiration for the brilliant qualities which were flashed before their eyes; they privately agreed that May was more of a real lady than either the Baronet's hard-tongued wife or the disdainful Hilda Shale.

So Miss Rockett took the early afternoon train, and found her way to Mrs. Lindley's, where she sent in her card. At once admitted to the drawing-room, she gave a rapid account of herself, naming persons whose acquaintance sufficiently recommended her. Mrs. Lindley was a good-humoured, chatty woman, who had a lively interest in everything "progressive"; a new religion or a new cycling-costume stirred her to just the same kind of happy excitement; she had no prejudices, but a decided preference for the society of healthy, high-spirited, well-to-do people. Miss Rockett's talk was exactly what she liked, for it glanced at innumerable topics of the "advanced" sort, was much concerned with personalities, and avoided all tiresome precision of argument.

"Are you making a stay here?" asked the hostess.

"Oh! I am with my people in the country—not far off," May answered in an offhand way. "Only for a day or two."

Other callers were admitted, but Miss Rockett kept the lead in talk; she glowed with self-satisfaction, feeling that she was really showing to great advantage, and that everybody admired her. When the door again opened the name announced was "Miss Shale." Stopping in the middle of a swift sentence, May looked at the newcomer, and saw that it was indeed Hilda Shale, of Brent Hall; but this did not disconcert her. Without lowering her voice, she finished what she was saying, and ended in a mirthful key. The Baronet's daughter had come into town on her bicycle, as was declared by the short skirt, easy jacket, and brown shoes, which well displayed her athletic person. She was a tall, strongly built girl of six-and-twenty, with a face of hard comeliness and magnificent tawny hair. All her movements suggested vigour; she shook hands with a downward jerk, moved about the room with something of a stride, and, in sitting down, crossed her legs abruptly.

From the first her look had turned with surprise to Miss Rockett. When, after a minute or two, the hostess presented that young lady to her, Miss Shale raised her eyebrows a little, smiled in another direction, and gave a just perceptible nod. May's behaviour was as nearly as possible the same.

"Do you cycle, Miss Rockett?" asked Mrs. Lindley.

"No, I don't. The fact is I have never found time to learn."

A lady remarked that nowadays there was a certain distinction in *not* cycling; whereupon Miss Shale's abrupt and rather metallic voice sounded what was meant for gentle irony.

"It's a pity the machines can't be sold cheaper. A great many people who would like to cycle don't feel able to afford it, you know. One often hears of such cases out in the country, and it seems awfully hard lines, doesn't it?"

Miss Rockett felt a warmth ascending to her ears, and made a violent effort to look unconcerned. She wished to say something, but could not find the right words, and did not feel altogether sure of her voice. The hostess, who made no personal application of Miss Shale's remark, began to discuss the prices of bicycles, and others chimed in. May fretted under this turn of the conversation. Seeing that it was not likely to revert to subjects in which she could shine, she rose and offered to take leave.

"Must you really go?" fell with conventional regret from the hostess's lips.

"I'm afraid I must," Miss Rockett replied, bracing herself under the converging eyes, and feeling not quite equal to the occasion. "My time is so short, and there are so many people I wish to see."

As she left the house, anger burned in her. It was certain that Hilda Shale would make known her circumstances. She had fancied this revelation a matter of indifference; but, after all, the thought stung her intolerably. The insolence of the creature, with her hint about the prohibitive cost of bicycles! All the harder to bear because hitting a truth. May would have long ago bought a bicycle had she been able to afford it. Straying about the main streets of the town, she looked flushed and wrathful, and could think of nothing but her humiliation.

To make things worse, she lost count of time, and presently found that she had missed the only train by which she could return home. A cab would be too much of an expense; she had no choice but to walk the three or four miles. The evening was close; walking rapidly, and with the accompaniment of vexatious thoughts, she reached the gates of the Hall tired, perspiring, irritated. Just as her hand was on the gate, a bicycle-bell trilled vigorously behind her, and, from a distance of twenty yards, a voice cried imperatively

"Open the gate, please!"

Miss Rockett looked round, and saw Hilda Shale slowly wheeling forward, in expectation that way would be made for her. Deliberately, May passed through the side entrance, and let the little gate fall to.

Miss Shale dismounted, admitted herself, and spoke to May (now at the lodge door) with angry emphasis.

"Didn't you hear me ask you to open?"

"I couldn't imagine you were speaking to *me*," answered Miss Rockett, with brisk dignity. "I supposed some servant of yours was in sight."

A peculiar smile distorted Miss Shale's full, red lips. Without another word, she mounted her machine and rode away up the elm avenue.

Now Mrs. Rockett had seen this encounter, and heard the words exchanged: she was lost in consternation.

"What *do* you mean by behaving like that, May? Why, I was running out myself to open, and then I saw you were there, and, of course, I thought you'd do it. There's the second time in two days Miss Shale has had to complain about us. How *could* you forget yourself, to behave and speak like that! Why, you must be crazy, my girl!"

"I don't seem to get on very well here, mother," was May's reply. "The fact is, I'm in a false position. I shall go to-morrow morning, and there won't be any more trouble."

Thus spoke Miss Rockett, as one who shakes off a petty annoyance—she knew not that the serious trouble was just beginning. A few minutes later Mrs. Rockett went up to the Hall, bent on humbly apologising for her daughter's impertinence. After being kept waiting for a quarter of an hour she was admitted to the presence of the housekeeper, who had a rather grave announcement to make.

"Mrs. Rockett, I'm sorry to tell you that you will have to leave the lodge. My lady allows you two months, though, as your wages have always been paid monthly, only a month's notice is really called for. I believe some allowance will be made you, but you will hear about that. The lodge must be ready for its new occupants on the last day of October."

The poor woman all but sank. She had no voice for protest or entreaty—a sob choked her; and blindly she made her way to the door of the room, then to the exit from the Hall.

"What in the world is the matter?" cried May, hearing from the sitting-room, whither she had retired, a clamour of distressful tongues.

She came into the kitchen, and learnt what had happened.

"And now I hope you're satisfied!" exclaimed her mother, with tearful wrath. "You've got us turned out of our home—you've lost us the best place a family ever had—and I hope it's a satisfaction to your conceited, overbearing mind! If you'd *tried* for it you couldn't have gone to work better. And much you care! We're below you, we are; we're like dirt under your feet! And your father'll go and end his life who knows where, miserable as miserable can be; and your sister'll have to go into service; and as for me—"

"Listen, mother!" shouted the girl, her eyes flashing and every nerve of her body strung. "If the Shales are such contemptible wretches as to turn you out just because they're offended with *me*, I should have thought you'd have spirit enough to tell them what you think of such behaviour, and be glad never more to serve such brutes! Father, what do *you* say? I'll tell you how it was."

She narrated the events of the afternoon, amid sobs and ejaculations from her mother and Betsy. Rockett, who was just now in anguish of lumbago, tried to straighten himself in his chair before replying, but sank helplessly together with a groan.



"You can't help yourself, May," he said at length. "It's your nature, my girl. Don't worry. I'll see Sir Edwin, and perhaps he'll listen to me. It's the women who make all the mischief. I must try to see Sir Edwin—"

A pang across the loins made him end abruptly, groaning, moaning, muttering. Before the renewed attack of her mother May retreated into the sitting-room, and there passed an hour wretchedly enough. A knock at the door without words called her to supper, but she had no appetite, and would not join the family circle. Presently the door opened, and her father looked in.

"Don't worry, my girl," he whispered. "I'll see Sir Edwin in the morning."

May uttered no reply. Vaguely repenting what she had done, she at the same time rejoiced in the recollection of her passage of arms with Miss Shale, and was inclined to despise her family for their pusillanimous attitude. It seemed to her very improbable that the expulsion would really be carried out. Lady Shale and Hilda meant, no doubt, to give the Rocketts a good fright, and then contemptuously pardon them. She, in any case, would return to London without delay, and make no more trouble. A pity she had come to the lodge at all; it was no place for one of her spirit and her attainments.

In the morning she packed. The train which was to take her back to town left at half-past ten, and after breakfast she walked into the village to order a cab. Her mother would scarcely speak to her; Betsy was continually in reproachful tears. On coming back to the lodge, she saw her father hobbling down the avenue, and walked towards him to ask the result of his supplication. Rockett had seen Sir Edwin, but only to hear his sentence of exile confirmed. The Baronet said he was sorry, but could not interfere; the matter lay in Lady Shale's hands, and Lady Shale absolutely refused to hear any excuses or apologies for the insult which had been offered her daughter.

"It's all up with us," said the old gardener, who was pale and trembling after his great effort. "We must go. But don't worry, my girl, don't worry."

Then fright took hold upon May Rockett. She felt for the first time what she had done. Her heart fluttered in an anguish of self-reproach, and her eyes strayed as if seeking help. A minute's hesitation, then, with all the speed she could make, she set off up the avenue towards the Hall.

Presenting herself at the servants' entrance, she begged to be allowed to see the housekeeper. Of course her story was known to all the domestics, half-a-dozen of whom quickly collected to stare at her, with more or less malicious smiles. It was a bitter moment for Miss Rockett, but she subdued herself, and at length obtained the interview she sought. With a cold air of superiority and of disapproval, the housekeeper listened to her quick, broken sentences. Would it be possible, May asked, for her to see Lady Shale? She desired to—to apologise for—for rudeness of which she had been guilty, rudeness in which her family had no part, which they utterly deplored, but for which they were to suffer severely.

"If you could help me, Ma'am, I should be very grateful—indeed I should—"

Her voice all but broke into a sob. That "Ma'am" cost her a terrible effort; the sound of it seemed to smack her on the ears.

"If you will go into the servants' hall and wait," the housekeeper deigned to say, after reflecting, "I'll—what can be done."

And Miss Rockett submitted. In the servants' hall she sat for a long, long time, observed, but never addressed. The hour of her train went by. More than once she was on the point of rising and fleeing; more

"Yes, my Lady—"

"And why do you want to see me—"

"I wish to apologise—most sincerely—to your Ladyship—for my behaviour of last evening—"

"Oh, indeed?" the listener interrupted contemptuously. "I am glad you have come to your senses. But your apology must be offered to Miss Shale—if my daughter cares to listen to it."

May had foreseen this. It was the bitterest moment of her ordeal. Flushing scarlet, she turned towards the younger woman.

"Miss Shale, I beg your pardon for what I said yesterday—I beg to forgive me for my impertinence—"

Her voice would go no further; there came a choking sound. Miss Shale allowed her eyes to rest triumphantly for an instant on the troubled face and figure, then remarked to her mother:

"It's really nothing to me, as I told you. I suppose this person may leave the room now?"

It was fated that May Rockett should go through with her purpose and gain her end. But fate alone (which in this case the sudden preponderance of one impulse over another checked her on the point of a burst of passion which would have sent Lady Shale and Hilda out of their cold-blooded complacency. In the silence May's blood gurgled at her ears, and she sat with downcast eyes.

"You may go," said Lady Shale.

But May could not move. There flashed across her the thought that perhaps she had humiliated herself for nothing.

"My Lady—I hope will your Ladyship please to forgive my father and mother? I entreat you not to send them away. We shall all be so grateful to your Ladyship if you will overlook—"

"That will do," said Lady Shale decisively. "I will merely say that the sooner you leave the lodge the better; and that you will do well never again to pass the gates of the Hall. You may go."

Miss Rockett withdrew. Outside, the footman was awaiting her. He looked at her with a grin, and asked in an undertone, "Any good?" But May, to whom this was the last blow, rushed past him, lost herself in corridors, ran wildly hither and thither, tears streaming from her eyes, and was at length guided by a maid-servant into the outer air. Fleeting she

cared not whither, she came at length into a still corner of the park, and there, hidden amid trees, watched only by birds and rabbits, she wept out the bitterness of her soul.

By an evening train, she returned to London, not having confessed to her family what she had done, and suffering still from some uncertainty as to the result. A day or two later, Betsy wrote to her the happy news that the sentence of expulsion was withdrawn, and peace reigned once more in the ivy-covered lodge. By that time, Miss Rockett had all but recovered her self-respect, and was so busy in her secretaryship that she could only scribble a line of congratulation. She felt that she had done rather a meritorious thing, but, for the first time in her life, did not care to boast of it.

THE END.



*He looked at her with a grin, and asked in an undertone, "Any good?"*

than once her smouldering wrath all but broke into flame. But she thought of her father's pale, pain-stricken face, and sat on.

At something past eleven o'clock a footman approached her, and said curtly, "You are to go up to my Lady; follow me." May followed, shaking with weakness and apprehension, burning at the same time with pride all but in revolt. Conscious of nothing on the way, she found herself in a large room, where sat the two ladies, who for some moments spoke together about a topic of the day placidly. Then the elder seemed to become aware of the girl who stood before her.

"You are Rockett's elder daughter?"

Oh, the metallic voice of Lady Shale! How gratified she would have been could she have known how it bruised the girl's pride!



THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.



KING EDWARD'S TRIBUTE TO HIS SISTER'S MEMORY: HIS MAJESTY PLACING A CROSS AT THE HEAD OF THE CATAFALQUE IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, CRONBERG.

DRAWN BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CRONBERG



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*The Lady of Lynn.* By Walter Besant. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)  
*Mrs. Green.* By Evelyn E. Rynd. (London: John Murray. 2s. 6d.)  
*The Disciple.* By Paul Bourget. (London: Fisher Unwin. 6s.)  
*A Son of Mammon.* By G. B. Burgin. (London: John Long. 6s.)  
*Henry Bourland.* By A. E. Hancock. (London: Macmillan and Co. 6s.)  
*The Golden Fleece.* By Amédée Achard. (London: Macquenn. 6s.)  
*Retaliation.* By Herbert Flowerdew. (Westminster: Constable. 6s.)  
*All Sorts and Conditions of Women.* By Charles Burt Banks. (London: Elliot Stock.)  
*Political Economy.* By Charles S. Devas. (London: Longmans.)  
*The Suburban Garden.* F. M. Wells. (London: Sampson Low. 3s. 6d.)

"The Lady of Lynn" is the last novel we shall see from the pen of Sir Walter Besant. It is pleasant in commenting on the last work of such an honest and capable writer to be able to speak of it in terms of praise. Sir Walter had always a great affection for the past life of England, for the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in chief; he wrote some of his best novels about those periods, and in his later years devoted much of his time to social histories of the past, which are even more interesting than novels. In "The Lady of Lynn" once more he transports us gaily to the eighteenth century; we are in the age of spas, pump-rooms, and assemblies; of wigs, kneebreeches, and perukes; of farthingales and furbelows; of the amber snuff-box and the clouded cane. It is in bringing before us this vanished life of England that Sir Walter does his finest work. He is especially excellent as showing the homelier lives of the people; it is not only the gallants and fine ladies he describes to us, but the people of a small society, the jolly merchants and skippers, the local squires, the country doctor, and the rector of the Grammar School. A certain power to recreate the past, then, is the chief merit of the present novel. It is excellent as a picture of the time; but as a story it is highly improbable. It is not at all likely that things should have turned out as Sir Walter represents them. Pass that objection, however, and you will find the novel very entertaining; and in any case it is worth reading as a memorial of a bygone time.

"Mrs. Green" is the wife of the gardener—he once sailed in an old coasting trader, and on occasion she comes up to the house to do a day's charring. The round of her social and domestic duties is studded with her "deliverances"—monologue, soliloquy, flying comment, and breathless argument, in which the woman and her history are revealed. Mrs. Green was "twist married—to my sorrier." The way of the first Mr. Green "was to begin a-tittin' an' a-rampagin' d'rec'y 'e got 'ome," so that when he was "hurt in a naccident" and didn't rampage, she knew for certain that "'a was took for death." His successor, the ex-coaster, is "a very different kind o' little feller—nothin' near so fine to look at, but a deal better to live with." Mrs. Green has come through the hards, and has learned wisdom. "Ah!" she said, "uncerting things there is a many, but for sheer uncertingness of a desprit kind there's nothin' beats a nusbing." Her experience had coloured the world for her; and she had seen something of it. There was her visit to London, for example, where she "'ad her say" in an eatin'-'ouse, when she would have taken "a negg to her tea," and discovered—eggs were "a-corstin'" a shilling a dozen in the country—that the price was "thrippence b'iled, fourpence poach." No one guessed what she went through that day in London, "nor no one never will, 'cept 'Eving, as sen's the sorrers we hinjor." Politics have appeared on Mrs. Green's horizon. "Can-wassers, male an' female," made a dead set on Mr. Green. "'Come an' up'old the Hempire,'" he was invited by one of them, "a-smilin' mos' kin'." . . . "'You leave Green be,' ses I, loud an' firm. . . . 'Green 'll want more up'oldin' than the Hempire, by a long way,' ses I, 'if you takes him to that there shiverin' cirkis,' ses I, 'which you ain't a-goin' for to do.' . . ." But we must stop following Mrs. Green in her reminiscences. We will only say that they are among the very best of their kind which it has been our happy fortune to read, and we heartily congratulate Miss Rynd upon them.

A translation of M. Bourget's famous novel, "Le Disciple," has been rather long in coming. The book is a dozen years old, and without being musty, it has a certain air of what the French call *vieux jeu*. Like Alphonse Daudet, M. Bourget thought it necessary to protest against the moral dangers of scientific speculations. Daudet invented a very foolish young man, who imagined that Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest justified egotism in its most brutal extremes. This person was called a "struggle-for-lifer," and was really a familiar type of criminal dressed up in a science which Daudet did not take the trouble to understand. In Bourget's novel, the "Disciple" is a student of the works of a certain philosopher who adopts what is called the mechanical explanation of the universe, and regards good actions and bad actions merely as psychological phenomena. The student, who is a private tutor, ruins the daughter of his employer simply to enlarge his experience of these phenomena. M. Bourget would have us believe that philosophical theories are responsible for this criminal aberration. He contrasts the "Disciple" with a young French officer, devoted to duty, eager for another war with Germany and for a Royalist restoration. This is the type of virtue upon which young Frenchmen were exhorted to fix their minds in the year 1889. Considering the course of events in France since then, it seems a very inadequate bulwark of morals. Morality, indeed, can scarcely be regarded as M. Bourget's mission in literature, any more than a judicial analysis of philosophy. But he is an interesting romancer.

Mr. Burgin is an indefatigable optimist. He has written at least sixteen novels full of breezy good-nature. Even when he wants to draw somebody really bad, his heart fails him, and the villain is brought to becoming repentance. In "A Son of Mammon," an egotist bent on making money steals a cheque, falls into dire poverty, and returns like the prodigal in the parable. You do not believe in him, nor in the country vicar who wants to do homage to the statue of Shakspeare in Leicester Square, nor in the young gentleman who edits a magazine, nor in the elderly journalist who tries to talk like Dr. Johnson, nor in any character in the book. But that does not matter in the least. By sheer breeziness Mr. Burgin carries you captive to the very last page. And then you smile at him, but still more at yourself. There is a bit of a sentimental simpleton in every reader, and on that bit Mr. Burgin flourishes exceedingly. So the most desperate cynic cannot help wishing him luck.

For his novel, "Henry Bourland," Mr. Hancock has chosen a period of American history that is quite unknown to the mass of English readers. They are tolerably familiar with tales of the War of Independence and of the War of Secession, but of what is called the "reconstruction period" in the Southern States they know nothing. Mr. Hancock has handled this fresh material with real skill. He gives us some glimpses of the war, and a graphic sketch of Lee's surrender; but his book is chiefly a picture of the social conditions in Virginia after the emancipation of the slaves and the irruption of the "carpet-baggers"



"SHE STOOD LEANING AGAINST A PILLAR, AND LOOKING HOPELESSLY OUT TOWARD THE PLACID MOUNTAINS IN THE WEST."

Reproduced from "Henry Bourland," by permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

from the North. The political experiment to which the South was subjected by the enfranchisement of the negro was not happily conceived. Neither then nor at any time since were the blacks capable of governing themselves, much less of administering the public interests of both sections of the community. Mr. Hancock gives an amusing picture of the State Legislature at Richmond, packed with ignorant negroes, all under the thumbs of intriguing adventurers from the North. Henry Bourland is the son of one of the old Virginia planters, and in public life he stands manfully for the ideals that the war had swept away. Mr. Hancock has too much penetration to write like an advocate, and he never forgets that the first business of a story-teller is to tell a story. His book is, consequently, full of animation, and the story is never for a moment sacrificed to the history. So excellent a piece of work makes us eager to hear of Mr. Hancock again.

Mr. Macquenn has brought out a translation of Amédée Achard's "La Toison d'Or" ("The Golden Fleece") which will, no doubt, be welcomed by that section of the public which delights in the historical romance. Achard belongs to that group of French novelists who followed in the footsteps of Dumas, and perhaps for that reason his reputation is less than his desert: the lustre emanating from a great genius is apt to dim the brightness of the lesser lights. Yet his work has distinctive merits, and Mr. Saintsbury, for one, has not hesitated to pronounce his "Belle Rose" equal to all but the very best work of Alexandre. "The Golden Fleece" is a story of the reign of Louis XIV., and familiar personages flit across its pages—Coligny, Montecuculi, the beautiful Louise de la Vallière, and the great Achmet Kiuperli, who led the Turkish horde across Europe. The

battle-scene which depicts the victory of the Christian armies on the banks of the Raab is a fine piece of descriptive writing. From first page to last the action never falters; intrigues, abductions, and gallant rescues follow one another in bewildering succession, and much bloodshed leads up to a peaceful climax.

"Retaliation," like "Tommy and Grizel," is a novel describing the life of a literary man. Mr. Flowerdew's hero, like Mr. Barrie's, has a sister to whom he is devoted, and who causes him, in the long run, a great deal of trouble. There, however, the resemblance ceases. Dan Wilder is impulsive rather than introspective, and he is anything but sentimental. At the outset we were favourably impressed; the writing is strong and vigorous, and the sentiment rings true. Unfortunately, however, we found cause to change our opinion: the hero acts like an unmitigated cad, and losing interest in him, we naturally lose interest in his history. If there be a moral to Mr. Flowerdew's story, it is that retaliation is a dangerous weapon, likely to be turned back upon oneself. In his portrait of Essie, the weak sister, Mr. Flowerdew is at his best, and displays a rare measure of perception. With the heroine he is scarcely so successful; her romantic attachment for Dan Wilder flourishes surprisingly when one remembers how very little it had to feed upon. Perhaps the most amusing part of the book is that which concerns itself with the eccentric Lady Derring and her heterogeneous acquaintances of both sexes. These each espoused a cause: such as a society for instilling into the mind of the British workman a due appreciation of the works of Tolstoy, or the Women's Moral Association, which aimed at reforming mankind at large. By Lady Derring's daughter, Laura, they were aptly termed "Floppers," and their ways, like those of the Heathen Chinee, were peculiar.

Even in the matter of his title, "All Sorts and Conditions of Women," Mr. Banks challenges criticism, and almost forces comparison with Sir Walter Besant's well-known volume. As a picture of life and work in the East End, no doubt this book has its merits, and so long as Mr. Banks merely aims at the uplifting and leavening of the masses, we are in sympathy with him and wish him well. When, however, he goes a step farther, and gives expression to the grudge which he apparently cherishes against Nonconformists in general, and the religious Press in particular, we feel that he is, in some measure, defeating his own purpose. Nonconformists are but mortal, and doubtless they have their little failings, but we certainly were not aware that they went in solely for "politics, polished phrases, perpetual performances, and painful paradoxes." Miss Marie Corelli, however, comes in for a kindly appreciation, because she is "true to the kindred points of Heaven and Home"; in her case the author's talent for alliteration is scarcely displayed to full advantage. There are whole chapters introduced in order that the writer may air his views on such subjects as "Husbands I have Met" and hospitals, which are, in Mr. Banks' opinion, a very doubtful boon. The harmless reviewer is another butt for his animus, and we fear that Mr. Banks must have suffered aforetime. On this account we hasten to make it clear that we are, in the main, inclined to think that Mr. Banks' book may do good, despite these blemishes, and we hope that its author will—to quote his own remarkable phrase—continue "to *nil desperandum* more than ever."

The "Political Economy" of Mr. Charles S. Devas, a volume of the "Stonyhurst Philosophical Series," has passed into a second edition, the first edition of three thousand copies having been exhausted. The interest of this series to the general reader is that it is entirely written by devout members of the Roman Catholic Church. The first six volumes, indeed, dealing with the more abstract mental sciences, were by members of the Society of Jesus. As might be expected, then, Mr. Devas deals with economics from the Christian point of view. It has often been asserted that political economy, considered as such, had nothing to do with morality; that it was a non-moral science, like chemistry, and must be considered without relation to anything higher than itself. The fallacy of that opinion will be evident to most believers: they will refuse to admit that a relation of "profit-and-loss" is the only bond between man and man; they will go further, and assert that something higher than "profit-and-loss" determines the very nature and quality of the "profit-and-loss" itself. It is in that spirit that Mr. Devas approaches the economic problem. "Let us proclaim in the name of science," he concludes, "that the social question is by pre-eminence a religious question, and that, without the aid of religion, no solution of any avail is to be found." It will be seen that Mr. Devas is much in sympathy with Ruskin, though he is not blind to the vagaries of Ruskin, which he attributes to his want of a definite religious belief. It is the Roman Catholic whom we hear speaking. On the whole, though, Mr. Devas is remarkably fair; his style is pure and easy, and his exposition lucid and engaging.

Mr. Wells, in his "Suburban Garden," has produced a little book which may be read with pleasure and profit. For Mr. Wells, unlike too many of the authors of the innumerable gardening books now upon the market, does not content himself with effusive raptures, but gives much practical instruction to his readers; nor is his volume a mere compendium of Latin names and technical phrases—between Scylla and Charybdis he has steered a middle course. The idea of a Dutch walled garden, dug out and bricked around, is certainly alluring. There is much useful advice on the subject of what to cultivate, what to avoid, and how to achieve the best effect; a working calendar for the year is appended, which seems likely to be of service. We have no hesitation in commending this little book.



THE UNIONIST RECEPTION AT BLENHEIM ON AUGUST 10.



THE DELEGATES



CHEER  
THE DELEGATES



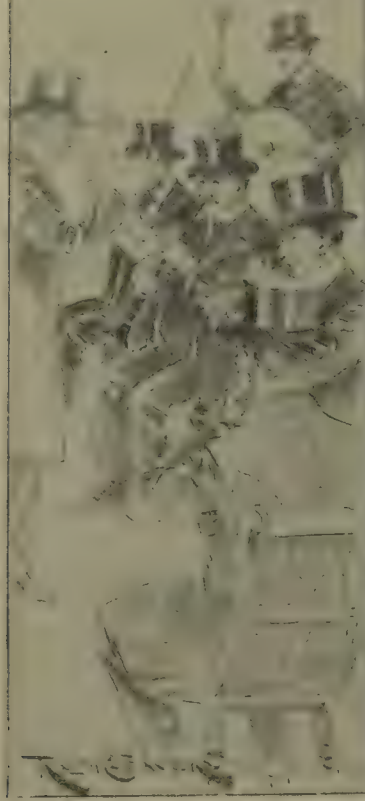
THE DUKE & DUCHESS  
OF HARBOROUGH  
ACKNOWLEDGE  
THE VOTE OF THANKS

EARL HOWE  
MOVES  
THE  
RESOLUTION



MR. WINSTON  
CHURCHILL  
SECONDS  
THE  
RESOLUTION

MUSIC WITH CHAIRS  
TO SING THE SAVAGE (POLITICAL)  
DREAST



MR. B. SPEAKS.



## SOME FAMOUS FAILURES IN AËRIAL NAVIGATION.

The mishap which has befallen the intrepid aërial navigator, M. Santos Dumont, has not, of course, discredited his attempt to solve the problem of steerable balloons, but it has shown that flying-machines are still some distance from perfection. Dumont's adventure, which came near costing him his life, only emphasises the fact that the aëronaut's path, from the time when Icarus first attempted to fly, has always been attended



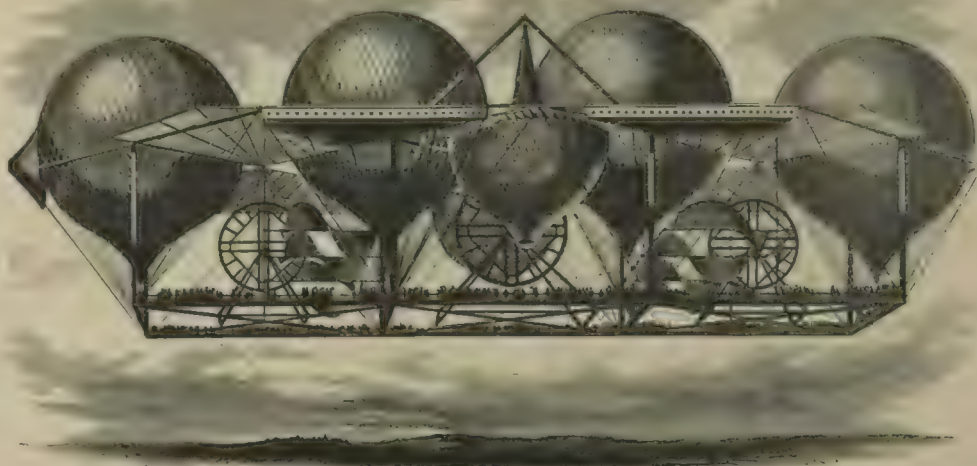
MONCK MASON'S MODEL AËRIAL MACHINE, 1843.  
13 FT. BY 6 FT. 8 IN. HIGH.

with difficulty and failure. Sometimes the mere machine was ridiculous—witness the air-ship designed in 1670 by Francis Lana of Barcelona. But Lana's contrivance had this in common with Dumont's—that it was to depend for buoyancy on a balloon or its equivalent, thus differing from the flying-machine, which is to be kept afloat by wings or helices. In Lana's time the balloon was not, so his supporting agent was composed of four globes of very thin copper. These he proposed to exhaust of air, and argued that as the solid content of vessels increased so much more rapidly than their superficial area, such a globe, when exhausted, would be lighter than air, and would possess considerable lifting power. The fallacy of this theory was exposed by Hooke, Boyle's colleague in the construction of the air-pump. Metal as thin as Lana proposed to use would never resist the pressure of the atmosphere, and increase in size would require a corresponding increase in thickness, with proportional augmentation of weight. Bishop Wilkins, the first President of the Royal Society, believed that "in the next age" men would call for their wings as confidently as they called for their boots in his time. But centuries of experiment seem to do little to realise this dream, and aërial navigation, it would seem, is to be a question rather of steerable balloons than of actual flying. Dumont has come nearest a solution, but he has not escaped a share of the ill-luck that beset his precursors. He is happier, however, than one of his countrymen. A Bonaparte



BELL'S UNSUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT  
AT VAUXHALL, 1850.

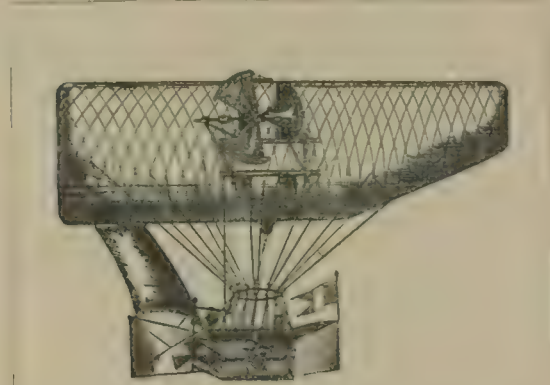
rushed to Dumont's rescue, but Degens, after his failure to fly in 1812, was roughly handled by the populace. In 1843 Monck Mason, of Nassau balloon fame, adapted the screw and rudder to an elliptical balloon, but achieved little success. On July 23, 1850, at seven in the evening, Bell ascended from Vauxhall in a machine almost the same in principle as Mason's. His balloon held 15,000 cubic feet of gas, and the car was fitted with two large fans and a caudatory rudder. Against a strong south-east wind he made no headway, though he twirled his wings and flapped his tail vigorously for some time. It is doubtful whether Peters'



PETERS' PATENT, 1850.

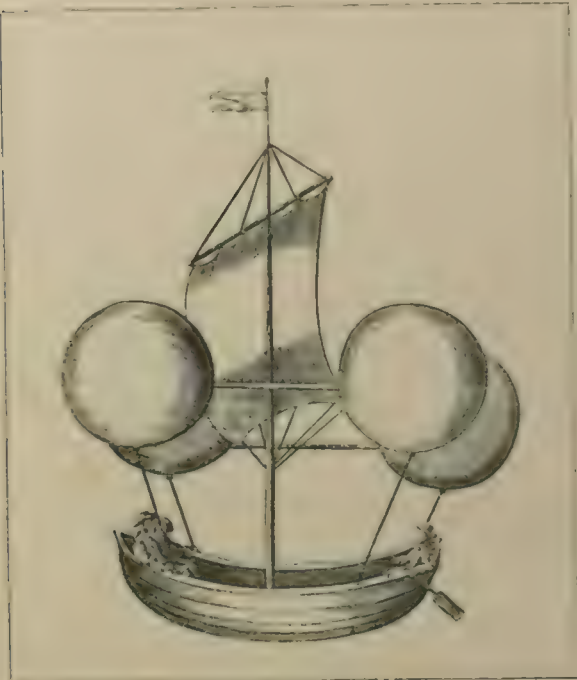
portentous patent of the same year ever got beyond paper, yet in the drawing it seems to spurn earth boldly enough. On the face of it the machine is frankly impossible with its cumbrous platforms and accessories. In 1865 Delamarne ascended frequently from Cremorne, and had some success; but a careful study of his advertisements leads one to suspect that he was wise enough to experiment only in calm weather. In the very early days of ballooning, the question of steerage was discussed, and several experimentalists claim to have guided their machines. In 1784 Blanchard professed to have guided his balloon with large wings or sails; and Lunardi claimed that he could control his balloon with an oar. It is to be feared, however, that these experiments were of little practical value. The most extraordinary scheme for supporting a flying-machine by a method other than wings was set forth by Bartholomew Laurent, a Brazilian priest, who flourished at the beginning of the

eighteenth century. Laurent proposed to keep his ship afloat by an iron grating fitted with a good number of large amber beads, which were to act by a secret operation. The operation, we imagine, must have been profoundly secret, for a beautiful disregard of the elementary laws of the fulcrum and the lever was the chief charm of his description. There were innumerable contrivances to lift and propel the vessel, but they were, unfortunately, all



M. DELAMARNE'S AËRIAL SAILING-BALLOON,  
"L'ESPÉRANCE," AT CREMORNE, AUGUST 1865.

dependent on accessories within the ship itself. For instance, the amber beads aforesaid were expected, when the sun was hot, to draw towards them the straw mats with which the vessel was lined; thus, so please you, increasing the buoyancy of the ship. On the same exquisite principle, the globes of heaven and earth fore and aft concealed two load-stones, "to draw the ship after them, the body of which is of thin iron plates." By this beautiful device we might propel our ironclads merely by fixing a large electro-magnet to the stem. The device, one suspects, was surely borrowed by false analogy from the driving-power of the carrot hung before the donkey's nose. Laurent's explanation provokes to further extracts. He points out to us "the stem to govern the ship, that she may not run at random," and "the two wings which keep the ship upright," also "the sails" (overhanging the vessel) "wherewith the air is to be divided." Carefully, too, he informs us that in the stem and stern "is a pair of bellows, which must be blown when there is no wind." Turning to contrivances designed to keep afloat by mechanical power, as distinct from balloon-support, the world has seen the attempts of the Prior of Tongland, whose destiny was the "mydding"; of Dr. Margrave in the eighteenth century, of Dr. Miller in 1843, of Henson and Stringfellow in the same year, and later of Langley at Washington, of Stentzel at Berlin, of the ill-fated Lilienthal, who perished in 1897; and of Maxim, who seeks refuge from the invention of deadly artillery in celestial navigation.



AN AIR-SHIP DESIGNED BY FRANCIS LANA  
OF BARCELONA, 1670.



DEGENS' MACHINE, 1812.



THE CAMP OF THE SURREY IMPERIAL YEOMANRY AT DENBIES PARK, NEAR DORKING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YFO, DORKING.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP.

SUNDAY MORNING: CHURCH PARADE.  
RETURNING FROM DRILL.

TARGET PRACTICE.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

There are various ways of seeing foreign countries. One method is summed up in Gray's famous line: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." To no spot in the Netherlands does the dictum apply with greater force than to the Island of Marken. The journey to it, as planned by the caterers for the alien tourists, is a perfect delight to the eye. The specially appointed steamers plying between Amsterdam and the tiny strip of land in the Goudzee—for that, I believe, is the correct name of the volume of water by which Marken is surrounded—take one through scenery each part of which is calculated to enchant the professional painter as well as the most unimpressible Philistine. There is another way of performing the journey, which is not only less conventional, but commends itself on account of its cheapness. It is to start from Amsterdam by the steam tramway across the Y as far as Monnikendam, and perform the rest of the trip in a stout fishing-smack to the island. The return fare is less than two shillings; the other manner, if I am not mistaken, costs more than double.

It is not the only advantage. The journey partly by land and partly by water enables one to stop at Broek-in-Waterland, and as a genuine "sight," Broek-in-Waterland is worth a dozen Islands of Marken. In the country famed for the cleanliness of its dwellings, streets, and inhabitants, Broek-in-Waterland stands *primus inter pares*. The specklessness and spotlessness are absolutely traditional, and owe nothing to the desire to impress the sightseer. I am perfectly certain of this fact, because it has been my good fortune to see a street not quite perfectly scavenged, the chance of beholding which does not fall to the lot of one visitor in ten thousand. Everyone who has strolled through that very delightful village has seen numberless pairs of clogs and shoes left on the thresholds of the cottages and homesteads, which are entered by their inmates in their stockinged feet lest the floors and carpets should be desecrated by this or that impurity brought from the outside; for, in spite of Danton's axiom that "people do not carry their native country with them at the soles of their boots," the careless pedestrian does convey part of the dust of the streets into his habitat. Equally familiar in Broek-in-Waterland is the sight of a couple of the poorer inhabitants scraping the dried mud from between the interstices of the bricks with which the streets are paved. Although the dwellers in Broek-in-Waterland do not prepare for the visits of strangers, they are uniformly courteous, always giving a visitor the time of the day in the shape of a friendly "Good-morning."

The Markenaars are no longer individually polite, whatever they may have been in the past in the unwonted presence of a stranger. It would be unfair to charge them with collective effusiveness or demonstrativeness, but their general stolidity under the gaze of the stranger breeds the suspicion—if the latter be at all observant—of being histrionic. Not to mince words, they give one the impression of posing for effect. On the day I was there, the hay was being conveyed to the mainland. They have a good deal of it, and apparently no use for it, there being, as far as I could see, not a single horse on the island, and I remember being told years ago that a farmer with half-a-dozen cows was considered an enormously wealthy man. Those interesting animals, whose parasites, according to Alphonse Karr, we are, were to be seen neither; consequently the hay is sold, and in the harbour there were barges galore, piled up high and ready for departure. The women were very busy towing it or punting it through the small canals to the barges in question, but the moment the steamer for Amsterdam left, the labour ceased as if by magic, although it was early in the afternoon. A friend and I, who remained behind in order to return by the fishing-smack in which we had come, were practically in the position of the two curious visitors to a stage after the curtain has fallen upon the piece of the evening, and the lights in the house are extinguished. The children, too, turned in, after having swarmed about the island for several hours, posing like their female elders, but more objectionable than they; for that old Flemish painter, Breughel, was not far wrong when he painted his picture of "As the Old Sing, so Pipe the Young." They crowded round us as we were sitting on the grassy slope of the harbour. They asked impertinent questions, and they would not be shaken off until the steamer was gone, when to remain was no profit to them; for I need not point out that the "Kodak"-carriers arranged them in groups to take their counterfeits with them as trophies of their journey, and that they (the children) gathered a harvest of pennies. I yield to no man in my respect for and admiration of the Dutch nation; but to teach the young idea how to shoot in that manner is calculated to impair the respect and admiration of many perhaps less critical than I am.

The plain truth is that the Island of Marken has become a show—an interesting show, no doubt, even to those who are willing to consider it a clever but wholly artificial continuation of the bygone reality, as far as costume, furniture, and adjuncts go, but a show for all that. I was taken to a cottage piled with all sorts of gimcracks, purporting to be old; there was not a single thing that had not been manufactured on the chance of finding a purchaser for it. I am not speaking at random. Marken has been visited during the last couple of centuries by at least two inundations and double as many fires, which almost destroyed everything, and reduced the Markenaars to the direst poverty. The cottage to which I and several visitors were introduced is only one of a dozen, crammed in every nook with articles of vertu and curiosities which, if genuine, would be worth altogether £50,000, a sum which any Bond Street dealer would willingly give. Fifty-five years ago an authority, the compiler of a remarkable geographical dictionary in something like twelve volumes, wrote that there was no antique furniture or porcelain left in Marken; that the dealers had taken it all away.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2983 received from M K E (Bombay); of No. 2984 from M Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur); of No. 2985 from Thomas H Butler (Providence, U.S.A.); of No. 2986 from Emile Frau (Lyons), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), and Charles Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 2987 from Marco Salem (Sasso) and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2988 from Major W Nangle, Dr. Goldsmith, Sorrento, and Emile Frau.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2989 received from Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Reginald Gordon, T Roberts, W A Lillico, A B Nunc's (Brook Green), F B (Worthing), Sorrento, Martin F. Alpha, E J Winter Wood, Shadforth, L Desanges, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), L Penfold, Major Nangle (Rathmines), Hereward, F W Moore (Brighton), Charles Burnett, and F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells).

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. E. LASKER and E. M. SALA. (Two Knights Defence.)

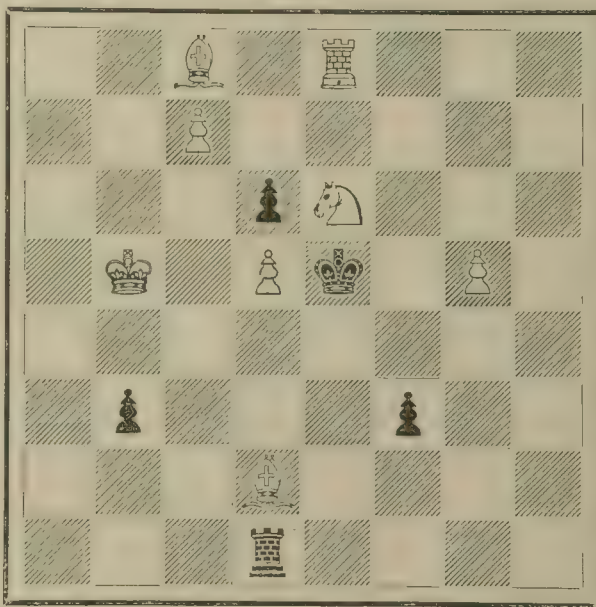
WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. Q to K 2nd	K to R 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to B 4th
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	15. Q to B 4th	P to K Kt 4th
4. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	16. Q to Q 2nd	R to Q sq
Black at once obtains an open game by this line of play.		17. Q to Kt 2nd	Kt to R 5th
5. K P takes P	K Kt takes P	Now it is not easy to see how White can get away from the attack.	
6. P takes P	B to K 3rd	18. P to B 3rd	R to Q 6th
7. Castles	P to K R 3rd	19. Kt to Q 2nd	P to Kt 5th
8. B to Q Kt 5th	B to Q B 4th	20. Kt to K 4th	P takes P
9. Kt to Q 4th	B takes Kt	21. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to Q sq
10. Q takes B	Q to Q 2nd	22. P to Kt 3rd	P to B 7th (ch)
11. Q to K R 4th	P to R 3rd	23. R takes P	R to Q 8th (ch)
12. B takes Kt	Q takes B	24. R to B sq	Q to R 8th (ch)
13. P to Q B 4th		25. K to B 2nd	Q takes R (ch)
A risky venture, good enough, however, for the occasion, which was a simultaneous exhibition. The alternative was P to Q B 3rd, which is purely defensive.		26. K to K 3rd	Q to B 6th, mate.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2988.—By W. C. BROSSMAN.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt takes P	P to B 4th
2. Q to Kt sq	K moves
3. Q or B mates.	

PROBLEM No. 2991.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played between Messrs. M. BLUMENFELD and J. SYBIN.

(Scolch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. R to K 4th	Q takes P (ch)
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. P takes Q	P takes Q
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	23. R to Q 5th	
4. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd	It is interesting to see how White recovers lost ground. The end game is well played.	
An approved defence. It leads to more lively play than the better-known B to B 4th.		23. R takes R P	R to Kt 3rd
5. Q Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	24. R takes Kt 3rd	R to Kt 3rd
6. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt	25. P to Kt 3rd	B to K 3rd
7. Q to Q 4th		26. R takes B P	B takes B
This move is not very often met with now. B to Q 3rd is the more common continuation.		27. R takes B	R to K sq
7. P to B 3rd	Q to K 2nd	28. K to Q 2nd	R to Q 3rd (ch)
8. Q to B 2nd	P to Q B 4th	29. K R to Q 4th	R to K 3rd
9. B to Q 2nd	Castles	30. R takes P	R to B 7th (ch)
10. B to Q 2nd	P to Q 4th	31. K to Q 3rd	R takes Q R P
11. Castles O R	P takes P	32. K R to Q 7th	R takes K R P
12. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	33. R takes B P	R to R 6th
13. P takes Kt	Q takes P	34. R to Kt 7th (ch)	K to R sq
14. B to Q 3rd	Q to B 3rd	35. R takes Q R P	K to K Kt sq
15. Q to R 4th	B takes B (ch)	36. R takes R (ch)	K takes R
16. R takes B	P to K Kt 3rd	37. P to B 4th	R takes P (ch)
17. R to B sq	R to Q Kt sq	38. K to Q 4th	R to Kt 2nd
18. R to B 4th	Q to K 3rd	39. R to R 6th	P to K R 4th
19. B to B 4th	Q to K 4th	40. P to B 5th	P to R 5th
Now if Q to R 6th, Black can easily defend by Q to Kt 2nd, etc.		41. P to B 6th	K to R 2nd
20. P to B 3rd	P to Kt 4th	42. K to B 5th	R to Kt 4th (ch)
		43. K to Kt 6th	K to R 3rd
		44. P to B 7th	R to Kt sq
		45. R to R 5th	P to R 6th
		46. R to R 3rd	Resigns.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The British Congress on Tuberculosis, recently held in London, has naturally excited an interest which is only bounded in extent by the confines of the civilised world. It was remarkable for the address of Dr. Robert Koch, discoverer of the germ of the disease, and it was equally notable for the energy and enthusiasm with which representatives of hygiene and medicine from all countries entered into the works—that of diffusing a knowledge of the causes, and of the means to be adopted in preventing what the King himself rightly called "a dire disease." As a faithful attender at the ministrations of the Congress, I may be permitted to make one or two observations by way of indicating the chief points in the proceedings that relate to the public safety in the matter of tuberculosis and its spread.

I may begin by reminding my readers that "consumption" is tuberculosis of the lungs. Many educated persons even do not understand that tuberculosis is a general disease affecting every organ of the body; consumption being its manifestation when it acquires a local name and habitation in our breathing-organs. What medicine is aiming at, therefore, is not merely to prevent consumption-attack, but to limit tuberculosis at large. If infants are liable to develop the ailment in their digestive system through being fed on milk that contains germs derived from tuberculous cows, it is evident their case, and the quality of the milk they consume, form equally important matters with the prevention of consumption for the attention of the public and sanitarians alike.

America, as usual, forges ahead, in losing no time in bringing to a practical issue the teachings of science. The other day they fined one of the many millionaires whereof New York boasts because he spat in the street. When the rich man said he would do it again, the law simply said, "All right, do it!" He did it again, and this time had to spend a little time in reflection in a State establishment on the wisdom of hygiene and on the power of the law to enforce its teachings.

If there is any other person "on the list" of those on whom the law should come down with at least a gentle hint of the desirability of reform, it is the woman with the trailing skirt that literally scavenges the street and raises tubercular dust-clouds everywhere. I never see a woman sweeping the streets thuswise but I do not feel an acute pang of sympathy for a possible husband or father who has to pay for the egregious folly exhibited in using expensive materials for scavenging purposes. Therefore, I do hope and trust women at large will read the resolution of the Congress alleging that such diffusion of dust is dangerous, and in the name of common sense reform what is a dirty and a dangerous practice.

So far, everybody is agreed that consumption is propagated by the germs inhaled with dust which contains the microbes that have come from the undisinfected expectoration of consumptive lungs. That we are liable to attack through the medium of tuberculous meat is also admitted by most authorities. The process of cooking saves us from much trouble in this direction; but the public are entitled when they buy meat to have the healthy article supplied to them. I always rejoice when I notice a butcher or meat salesman fined for exposing for sale tuberculous meat. I do not care one jot or tittle whether Koch is right or wrong. Even if it be proved to-morrow that tuberculous meat and milk cannot convey the disease to me, I say to the butcher and the dairyman, "You are not supplying me with what you profess to sell, and for which I am paying you what you demand."

Therefore, there must be no relaxing of the laws which ensure that I may consume meat and milk of sound character. The butcher might just as well offer me "measly" meat, laden with tapeworm embryos, as give me flesh from a tuberculous ox. The practical lesson here is that all food must be healthy and pure in character. On this broad and undeniably correct basis, we can determine our own affairs, and leave the Koch and McFadyean parties to settle their little differences. If butchers or dairymen imagine that they are going further to swell their bank accounts by giving us exactly what they please, they will find themselves, I hope, enjoying seclusion and leisure for a longer period than that meted out to the New York millionaire.

Science has already shown that Koch's conclusions are by no means to be accepted as ultimate facts. *Au contraire*, they are open to very grave criticism, and such criticism was not long in being showered upon them. Koch based an important part of his argument on the fact that in Germany very few cases of tuberculosis in children beginning in the digestive system are to be noted. If, therefore, the disease was propagated by diseased milk, such beginnings should undoubtedly be met with as frequent post-mortem demonstrations.

But in London and in Edinburgh, the average number of cases of this kind found in children's hospitals is nearly 30 per cent. In other words, in these big centres, nearly a third of the tuberculous children are infected through the digestive system, and, this being the case, milk must be the chief article whereby the disease is conveyed to them. The German mother boils her milk regularly, and the British mother does not. Is it not likely that the German experience really and simply proves to us the value of a definite means of preventing the ailment? I think so; but one must admit that for the accurate scientific determinations of the question, experimentation is necessary. Everybody (save certain foolish people) agrees on this head. America, learning that such research was necessary, cabled to the Congress from Wisconsin to London: "Experiments begin to-morrow." I hope Britain will not lag behind. If it does, then, as an American doctor said to me, "Prize up your politicians with a crowbar—or kill them."







## LADIES' PAGE.

It is interesting to recall, now that, owing to the over-mastering force of circumstances, the great heart and immense abilities of our late Princess Royal have descended into the darkness without the fulfilment of any large ends, how her intellectual gifts impressed everybody in her youth. I knew in his old age Mr. William Ellis, the early friend of J. S. Mill, and himself a political economist of ability, who was asked by the late Queen to give lessons in that subject to her three eldest children. Mr. Ellis had his peculiar method

unlike the more formal reception of homage from the rest of the royal family. It is touching that they should have died so near to each other in one year. It is recorded by Queen Victoria herself that on the day before the Princess Royal's marriage she gave her mother a brooch containing some of her hair, saying, "I hope to prove worthy to be *your* daughter." Well, that aspiration was fulfilled. Is it permitted to hope that they may have gone together to some brighter star, where the two spirits, so akin in goodness and greatness, may work together in some higher way, as they both so well prepared themselves to do by their noble, unselfish lives here?

The other time that I specially remember the Empress Frederick was when she paid a visit to the East End to open an industrial exhibition at the People's Palace. I never saw so little preparation made for a royal personage. There was not even an attempt to keep a path for her; and I was struck with the courage and calm confidence with which she moved about in the midst of a closely pressing crowd of the great unwashed—the more so from the contrast of the obvious terror of her lady-in-waiting, who evidently thought the situation perilous. I had the honour of being presented to her Majesty on that occasion, and the observation that she made to me as she turned away from the women at work making huge stiff sacks, that "she was so sorry to see women ever engaged in such hard work," was full of real sympathy. In the "Lette-Verein" and the "Victoria Lyceum" and other institutions founded or fostered by her in Berlin, the late Empress proved the truth of her words on her accession as reigning consort, when she said: "I have always kept in view the moral and intellectual education of women. I have endeavoured to increase their prosperity by opening to them means for gaining a livelihood, and I hope to do yet more in this direction." Her brief time for the accomplishment of these plans caused sad loss to the German women.

It is, of course, too early to seek much information about coming fashion, but it is understood that a charming fête that was held at Trianon recently, on behalf of a charity, and at which the great ladies of Paris appeared in costumes copied from authentic portraits of the time of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, has inspired the designers of the Ville Lumière with ideas for evening gowns, and that fichus and pointed bodices, at any rate, will be adapted to our uses. What Paris does, we know we shall do also. The attempt of an enterprising American syndicate of speculators to create a "corner" in Paris models might have made a difference had they succeeded. They proposed to swoop down on Paris at the times when the new models were ready, buy them all up, and resell them to the despairing London and New York dress-makers at fancy prices. Pushed into a corner in this way, no doubt, English modistes could evolve passable ideas for themselves. At present, it is so much a tradition that the new fashions must come from Paris, and that there alone is the art of design in costume understood, that our own leading houses do not try to set new fashions independent of French taste. This is the case notwithstanding the immense prices that are asked for anything really new in idea in models by the Paris houses. To return to the predictions for the autumn, it is said that we are again to have our walking-dresses cut just to clear the ground. Many of us here have never abandoned such gowns for hard wear in country walks, town shopping, and so on; but we shall be pleased to see the weaker sisters encouraged to follow the dictates of common-sense again on the point. Then it is said that basques are to be worn on the bodices of our tailor-gowns, reaching well below the waist, probably nearly to the knees. This is a natural outcome of the three-quarter coats to which we are already accustomed. The Newmarket coat is being shown by many tailors on their dresses for the moors.

Our Illustrations show two versions of the shooting-dress prepared for the exodus to the moors that is now the order of the day. Both are in fancy tweed, the material most suitable for long expeditions in a climate that is apt to be "salt," and where the mists come down suddenly, soaking thin garments through and through. Leather straps fastened with buckles give a business-like air to that one that is made with a Norfolk jacket. The other with a rounded basque has the revers of leather, as well as the binding to the skirt of the same stalwart material, that is always adopted by women who mean really to tramp over the heather with the guns. The shoulder-piece for the gun is another token that this gown is meant for business. Some ladies—the Marchioness of Breadalbane for instance—are genuine sportswomen; but the majority of the ladies who go to the moors are more at home beside the luncheon-basket than in the shooting line. Fishing is a more usual sport in the Highlands for women. Many of them do really great things in the salmon streams, boldly wading into the water when necessary to use the net, and wearing very short skirts and gaiters in readiness for this exploit.

Variety is charming, and the tea-gown is never more appreciated than in our country-house visits, where it languorously bedecks the evening leisure of the same women who have been more or less vigorously following sport in the daytime in a short and stalwart leather-finished and trimmed tweed frock. A tea-gown is often nowadays simply a Princess or Empire design for an evening dress; but it is made always by women who understand the wiles of dress to appear loose and comfortable, giving the air of rest and repose that is pleasing by force of absolute and complete contrast with the workmanlike morning-dress. Very elaborate and beautiful are some of the tea-gowns of this year. One of the smartest I have seen was in white satin draped over with white mousseline-de-soie, which formed a froth of frills round

the feet; it was made Empire-fashion, the belt being elaborately embroidered with pearls, and the soft folds of the upper or bodice part of the garment were daintily touched with sky-blue velvet. Crêpe-de-Chine in tea-rose yellow made another tea-gown, a little bolero in white panne, edged with old lace yellow with age, holding it in to the figure sufficiently, and two narrow stole ends of lovely embroidery in imitation topazes and diamanté falling from the neck to the feet in front. A lace scarf carelessly fixed under the arms and looking as if tied in front was considered sufficient to shape to the figure another gown in white gauze painted down the front with pink roses. Another was finished with a Marie Antoinette fichu, the gown itself being of Luxeuil lace over blue satin, the ends of the fichu disappearing beneath a swathed belt of sapphire satin fastened with a diamond buckle both in front and at the back. White crêpe-de-Chine made yet another gown, besprinkled with motifs in black lacé, and having narrow jet passementerie laid in lines to simulate a bolero and form a waistbelt. Accordeon-pleated black crêpe-de-Chine was successfully shaped to the figure by rosettes of turquoise-blue satin down either side of the front, attached to one another by cords, and a narrow black satin belt.

I wonder if it is my fancy, or recognised for fact by gardeners, that the later roses, both hybrid perpetuals and teas, that we get at this time of year are sweeter in perfume than those of the June crop? It always seems to me as if the full power of the August sun brings out the rose's scent, and that therefore this is the best time to make our pot-pourri. The rose-trees are all the better for the blossoms being picked before the petals fall in the course of nature; it is a relief to the tree's constitution not to be allowed to begin the seeding process, and the sort of mild and continuous pruning that is done by taking off the blossoms at the psychological moment before they fall, and "killing them to save their lives" is best for the bushes. So collect each evening the fullest-blown roses from the garden, and strew the petals forth to dry in a cardboard box set in the sun. As they become free from moisture, put them in a stone jar, and over each layer of petals sprinkle a thin layer of salt. What to add to the dried rose-leaves finally is a matter of taste and opportunity. Fragrant herbs, thyme and rosemary, and verbenas leaves, and even a little sweet marjoram and mint, all well dried, lavender blossoms and stems broken up small together, thinly sliced lemon peel, cloves and cinnamon



A BUSINESS-LIKE DRESS FOR THE MOORS.

of teaching the subject by means of questions alone, compelling his pupils to think out for themselves the large and much-involved topics; if they were wrong, he brought them to see their errors by more questions—the Socratic method, in short. He told me how greatly he was then impressed with the intellect of the Princess Royal, which he found to be far above that of the average of the young persons whom he had taught; she could perceive facts and reason from them in a most uncommon manner for her years. It was when she was but fifteen that Stockmar, little given to flattery, wrote of her: "I have always expected great things from her, and taken all pains to be of service to her. I hold her to be exceptionally gifted in many things, even to the point of genius." Moreover, altruism early developed in her great heart. Her later years abundantly carried out this promise. Her range of knowledge was wide, and the clearness of her perception and logical ability were immense. Her chief bit of good fortune in life was that she had a husband worthy of her in character. "By his own will, the Crown Prince is one with the Crown Princess in all matters of importance," a gentleman of high Prussian Court standing once said to me. As the consort of the Emperor Frederick, she would have had as much power to advance all good works and lead in opinion and action as if she were a Queen regnant. But disappointment, mortification, and sorrow were continuously her portion, and her grand abilities and noble aspirations have served only to render her life the greater tragedy!

Of the occasions on which I saw her, two will live in my memory. One was at the first Jubilee of Queen Victoria, at the service in Westminster Abbey. Though she, as the eldest daughter of the Queen and the wife of the heir to a great throne, took precedence of all the other Princesses in that memorable procession which passed before the mother-Queen and kissed her hand as she sat in the coronation-chair, yet the youngest of the Princes was placed before the most important of the daughters of the royal house, and the Princess Royal stood waiting till all of the superior sex had passed. But when her turn came, she, with an indescribable fervour and grace, literally flung herself on her knees beside her mother, who in return put both arms around the daughter who was nearest to herself in ability, character, and circumstances; and for a moment they clung to one another in a warm embrace,



A FANCY-TWEED SHOOTING-DRESS.

crushed, orris-root scraped—all can go in if liked. The spices make the savour a little medicinal perhaps; rose-leaves, lavender, and orris-root alone make an excellent perfume, and by an occasional sprinkling with lavender-water and oil of bergamot and violet perfume, the pot-pourri may be relied on to give the drawing-room a delicate, indefinable sweetness all along the months till the roses of next year are ready. It is these trifles that give charm to a room, and that make some homes restful and pleasant to all who sojourn within their walls.

FILOMENA.



# THE HONEY OF WISDOM.

We Gather the Honey of Wisdom from Thorns, not from Flowers.

## NOBILITY OF LIFE.

"Who best can suffer, best can do."—Milton.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul, I would answer, with Lassus, it is 'EXPERIENCE.'"—

LORD JYTTON.

## EXPERIENCE.

"Our acts our judgments are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."—OLD SONNET.

For some Wise Cause, 'Experience HAS PROVED! before Perfection and True Balance in ANYTHING can be ATTAINED, There MUST BE MANY SWINGS of THE PENDULUM! To OPPOSITE

**EXTREMES.'**

WITH YOUR BACK TO THE FIELD AND YOUR FEET TO YOUR FOE! NEVER SAY DIE TO ANY DILEMMA!!!

### MORAL—

A Wise Paradise.

Nature's Laws.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest  
Live well."—MILTON.

"Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his sons, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—and, more or less, of those who are connected with us—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, *just*, and *patient*. But also we know, to our



cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated — *without haste, but without remorse.*

"My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*, and I should accept it as an image of human life.

"The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

"Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without the word*. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed."—HUXLEY.

We quote the above from Professor Huxley, because we think it fully endorses what we wish to press with great earnestness, in the cause of truth and health, upon the mind of the reader—that obedience to natural laws is health and happiness and long life, while disobedience or ignorance entails disease, and hands it down from one generation to another.

### A WAYSIDE CONSULTATION!

A GENTLEMAN writes:—"For **MANY YEARS I** was a martyr to sea-sickness; I always take ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' for a few days on going for a voyage, and know the sickness now only by name, not as a punishment. 'This should be widely known.'"

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

## ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, and FEVERISH condition is simply MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine the Bottle and Capsule, and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS Imitation

Prepared only by J. C. ENO Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.



Lieut. Barne, R.N.

E. H. Shackleton, R.N.R. R. W. Skelton, R.N. (Chief Engineer).

Dr. Koettlitz (on Scientific Staff).



Mr. G. Murray, F.R.S. (on Scientific Staff).

Capt. R. F. Scott, R.N. (in Command).

Lieut. Arncliffe, R.N. (Navigating Officer).

Lieut. Royds, R.N.

THE BRITISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: SOME OFFICERS OF THE "DISCOVERY."

PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMSON

Chairman: J. NEWTON MAPPIN.  
**Mappin & Webb**  
(Ltd.)

**STERLING SILVER AND  
"PRINCE'S PLATE"** (Regd. 71,552.)



Claret Jug, Crystal Glass Body.  
"Prince's Plate" Mounts, £1 1s.  
Sterling Silver " " £3 5s.



Cut Glass Jug with "Prince's Plate" Mounts,  
£1 1s.  
½ pint Beaker to match, 7s.



Sterling Silver Champagne Jug, Handsomely Chased,  
in Antique style, 4 pints, £17 17s.

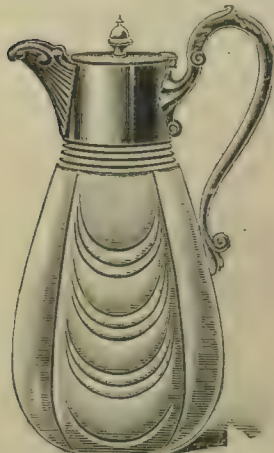


Very richly Cut Glass Claret Jug, with  
Chased Mounts and finely modelled Handle.

"Prince's Plate" ... £4 5s.  
Sterling Silver ... £6 15s.



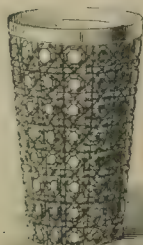
Richly Cut Glass Claret Jug.  
Chased "Prince's Plate"  
Mount ... £3 8s.  
Sterling Silver ... £6 15s.



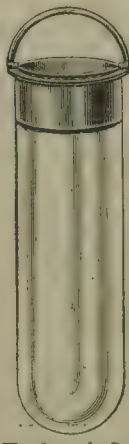
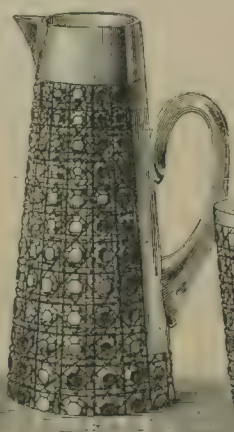
Cut Glass Claret Jug with Fluted  
Panels and "Prince's Plate"  
Mounts, £1 10s.  
Sterling Silver Mounts, £3 10s.

*Illustrated  
Price List  
Post Free.*

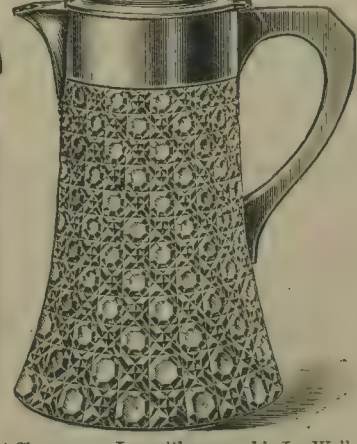
*Goods sent to the  
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on approval.*



Handsome Cut Glass Jug and Beakers, with Sterling  
Silver Mounts.  
Jug, £2 15s.; Beakers, 17s. 6d. each.



Handsomely Cut Champagne Jug, with removable Ice Well,  
mounted in "Prince's Plate" or Sterling Silver.  
"Prince's Plate," Sterling Silver.  
2 pints ... £4 10s. £8 15s.  
3 " ... £5 5s. £9 15s.  
4 " ... £6 5s. £11 10s.



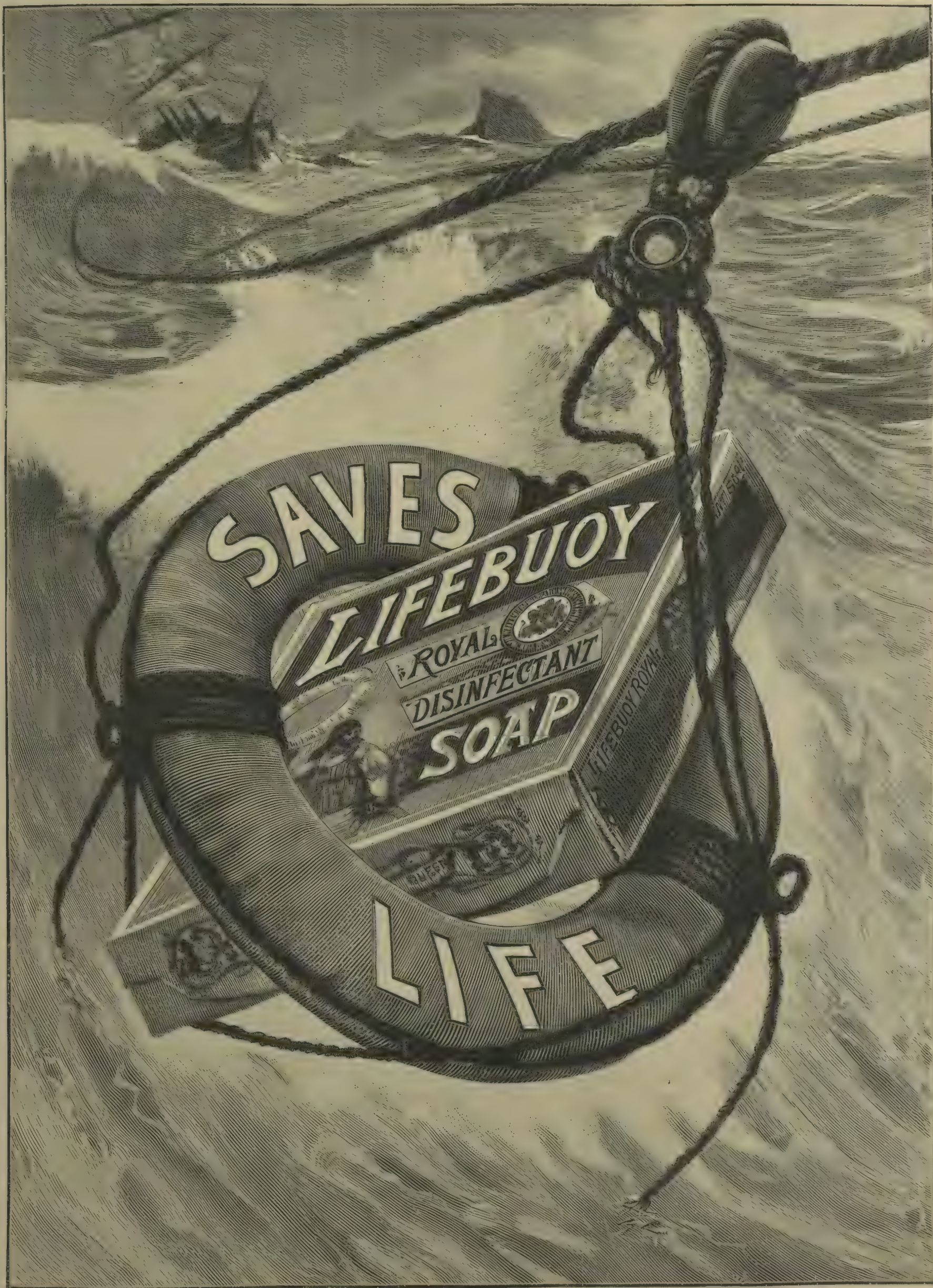
Claret Jug, Plain, all Sterling Silver,  
Antique Style, £10 10s.

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Destroys the Microbes of  
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Saves from Contagion.

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**THE LIFEBELT!**

ON LAND,

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Sweetens and Purifies.  
Guards against Infection.  
Preserves Life.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1898), with a codicil (dated July 26, 1899), of Sir Andrew Fairbairn, of Askham Grange, Yorkshire, and 39, Portland Place, who died on May 31, was proved on Aug. 3 by William Wailes and Rear-Admiral Sir Lambton Loraine, the brothers-in-law, and William Fairbairn Wailes Fairbairn, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £349,612. The testator gives £2000 to his sister Mrs. Elizabeth Y. Wailes; £2000 to his niece Edith Anne Newbigging; £3000 to his niece Lina Frederica Boyd Carpenter; an annuity of £400 to his nephew Arthur Francis Wailes; £100 to his nephew Claude Loraine Barrow; £300 each to his executors; and £1000, an annuity of £5000, certain furniture, jewels, and wines, and the use for life of 39, Portland Place, and his plate to his wife, Dame Clara Frederica Fairbairn. He appoints £4400 Great Northern Railway Company Stock to Mrs. Matilda Fairbairn for life, and then to the children of Andrew Constant Fairbairn. The residue of his property, except his real estate in France, which he has disposed of by will made according to the laws of that country, he leaves to his nephew William Fairbairn Wailes Fairbairn absolutely.

The will and codicil (both dated March 23, 1899) of Mr. Robert Henry Alexander, of Brandfold, near Goudhurst, Kent, and 24, Lombard Street, who died on May 26 at 24, Hans Place, were proved on July 31 by Robert Ernest Alexander and Herbert George Alexander, the sons, and Richard Dawes, the executors, the value of the estate being £295,810. The testator bequeaths £5000, his wines, consumable stores, jewels, and personal articles, the use of Brandfold and the furniture therein, and the income of 4000 preference shares in Alexanders and Co., to his wife; 6000 ordinary shares in Alexanders and Co. to his son Robert Ernest; 4800 of such shares to his son Herbert George; £9000 to his son Philip; £10,000 and his premises called Marina, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, with the furniture, etc., to his son Charles Johnston; 1200 of such shares and his shares and debentures in Shutters and Chippendale, Limited, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Catherine Sarah Shuter; 2800 shares in Alexanders and Co., upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Winifred Agnes Birkbeck; his estate in New Zealand and £10,000, upon trust, for his son Lewis Wallace; £10,000 to his son Walter; and other legacies. He appoints certain property

and money, under the will of his uncle, William Dollin Alexander, to his six sons. On the decease of his wife, he gives Brandfold, or, should it be sold, then £30,000, to his son Robert Ernest; and 1000 preference shares in Alexanders and Co. each to his sons Philip and Charles, and, on trust, for his daughters Mrs. Shuter and Mrs. Birkbeck. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons Robert, Herbert, Philip, and Charles, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 17, 1896) of Mr. Thomas Glaister, J.P., of Mill Hill House, Bolton, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on July 12 at the Manchester District Registry by Miss Mary Glaister, the daughter, and James Newton, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £271,779. The testator bequeaths £500 each to St. John's Church and the Infirmary, Bolton; £250 each to the Workshops for the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb Society, and the Poor Protection Society, Bolton; £5000 and an annuity of £750 to his son Robert Stanton, £5000 each to his children, and an annuity of £300 to his wife, should she survive him; £200 to James Newton; and other legacies. He gives the Mill Hill Bleach Works, with the lands and buildings, plant, etc., to his son Alfred, and also his residence, subject to the use thereof for life by his daughter Mary. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughter Mary.

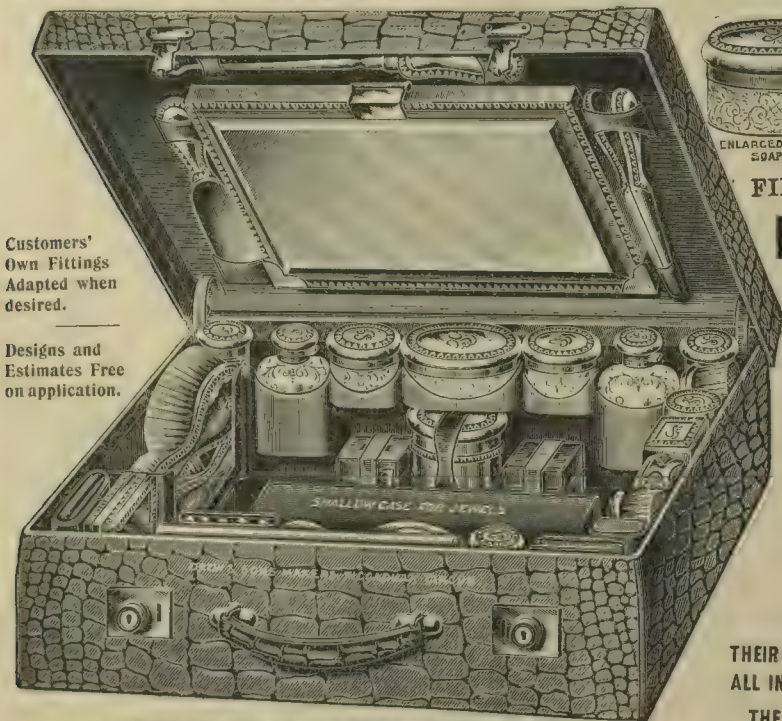
The will (dated April 21, 1899), with two codicils (dated Aug. 17, 1899, and Nov. 9, 1900), of Mr. Francis Greg, of Turner Heath, Macclesfield, and of Manchester, who died on May 21, was proved on July 15 by Walter Greg and Henry Philips Greg, the executors, the value of the estate being £63,114. The testator gives his lands and premises at Bollington, Tytherington, and Butley, Chester, his shares in the Cresshook Mill Company, and thirty shares in Samuel Greg and Co., to his nephew Hugh Stuart Greg; thirty shares in Greg and Co. each to his nephews John Ronalds Greg and Arthur Greg; £1000 each to Amy Greg, Isabel Greg, and Catherine Agnes Greg; £1000 to Christine Hirstandaht; £5000 for the children of Amelia Hirstandaht; £100 each to Herbert Sutton and Oliver Kenyon; £500 to Henry Philips Greg; £1000 to Walter Greg; a piece of land, known as the Gnat Hole at Bollington, to the District Council of Bollington for a recreation-ground or park; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother Albert.

The will (dated Oct. 21, 1891), with a codicil (dated Feb. 12, 1897), of Mr. Orfeur Inglis Kilvington, of 39, Sloane Gardens, who died on June 5, was proved on Aug. 2 by Alfred Markham Inglis, Carteret Fitzgerald Collins, and Charles Donald Napier Parker, the executors, the value of the estate being £57,014. The testator bequeaths £500 to Edward Codrington William Grey, upon trust, for any charity having for its object the benefit of the working boys of London; £500 each to Jane Arnold and Robert Edward Davis; and small legacies to relatives and executors. The residue of his personal estate he leaves as to one moiety, upon trust, for his uncle Thomas Inglis and his aunts Jane, Arabella, and Catherine Inglis, and the survivor of them, and then for his aunt Julia Lady Inglis and her children; and the other moiety and all his real estate, upon trust, for his aunt Mrs. Maria Parker for life, and then for her children.

Referring to the will of Mrs. MacSwiney, appearing in our issue of July 27, the particulars should be as now stated: £25,000, upon trust, for her daughter, Mrs. Mary Louisa Sinclair, for life, and then for her (testatrix's) granddaughter, Mary MacSwiney Sinclair; £25,000, upon trust, for her daughter, Miss Margaret Helena MacSwiney, for life, then for her children (if any), and, in default of children, to her (testatrix's) said granddaughter; £5000 to her said granddaughter; certain family portraits, diamonds, jewellery, and silver to her daughter Margaret, for life, and then to her said granddaughter; and the residue of her real and personal estate to her daughter Margaret.

The New Palace Steamers, Limited, announce that, pending the repairs to the *Koh-i-Noor*, they have made arrangements for the *Royal Sovereign* to continue running her usual trip to Margate and Ramsgate daily, as hitherto, from Old Swan Pier at 9.20 a.m., but there will not be any sailing on Fridays at present, and *La Marguerite's* Saturday sailing to Margate and back will be altered from the existing times to 9.45 a.m. from Tilbury, with the special train from Fenchurch Street at 8.38 a.m., this being one hour earlier than before, though it is exactly same time as last year, when so many people patronised this boat in order to have the long time ashore at Margate. *La Marguerite* will also sail as the husband's boat on Saturdays, leaving Tilbury at 4.15 p.m.

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## DUNLOP TYRES

MAKE THE ROUGHEST ROADS SMOOTH.

They are of Best Quality only, and are FAST, RESILIENT, AND RELIABLE.

Wired or Beaded Edges, optional.

£3 3s. 0d. per pair.

Guaranteed for Thirteen Months. Of all Cycle Agents.

The Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Co., Ltd.,

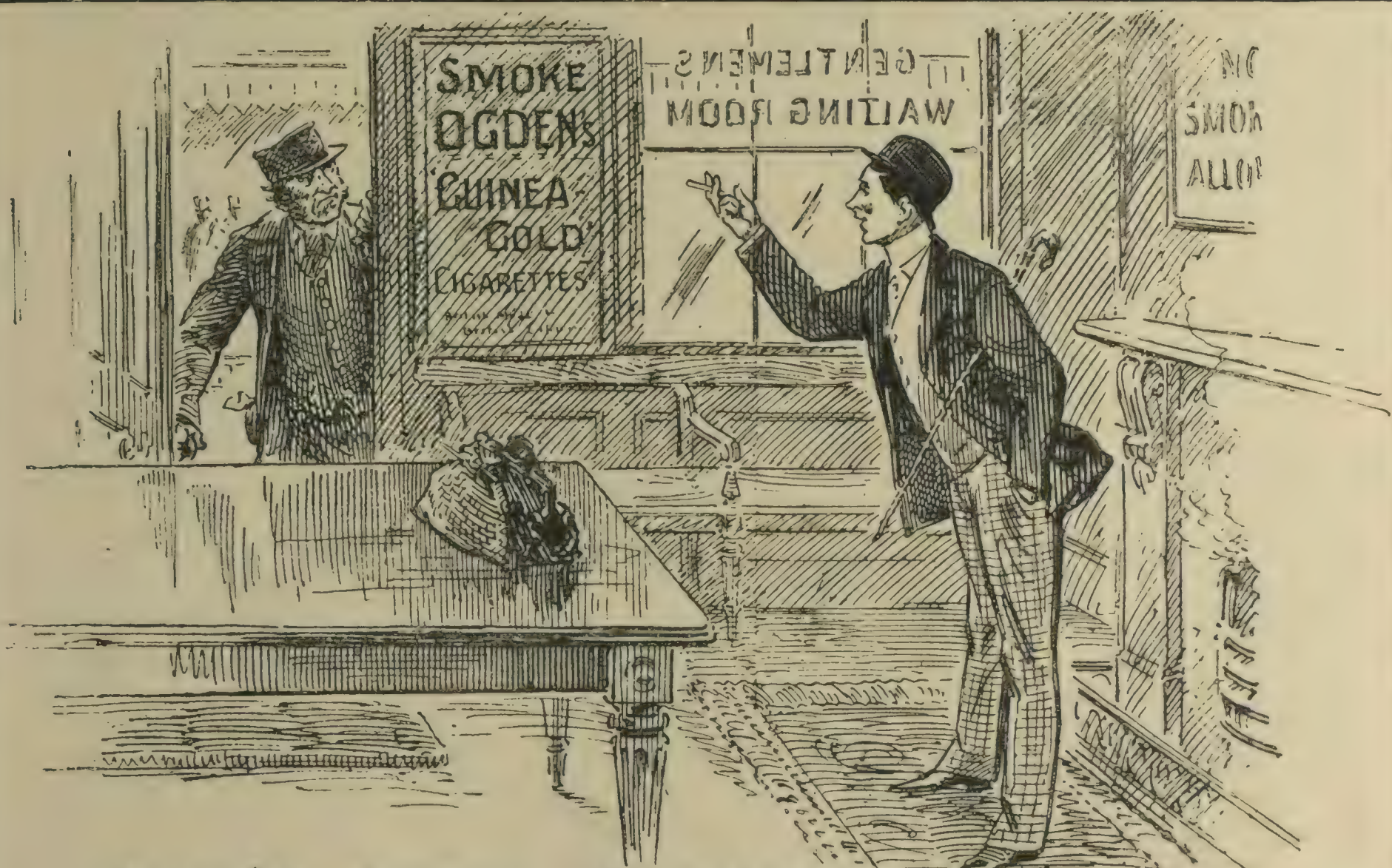
Para Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham; and Branches.

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Gent. "I beg your pardon!, that Notice says, 'Smoke Ogden's Guinea-Gold Cigarettes', and that's just what I am doing!"

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Fitted in  
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Cost Price.



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Most Easily  
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Price of House Filter H, as Sketch - 42/-  
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Drip Filters, from - - - 8/9

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FOX'S PATENT SPIRAL PUTTEES ARE SO DESIGNED AS TO WIND ON SPIRALLY FROM ANKLE TO KNEE AND TO FIT CLOSELY TO THE LEG WITH EVEN PRESSURE WITHOUT ANY TURNS OR TWISTS.

Made in TWO WEIGHTS (heavy and light), and in a VARIETY OF COLOURS.

SHADE CARDS ON APPLICATION.

THE HEAVY WEIGHT OR "REGULATION" QUALITY IS THE SAME AS ORIGINALLY MADE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT, AND NOW SUPPLIED IN LARGE QUANTITIES BY FOX BROTHERS & CO., LTD., FOR THE USE OF TROOPS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

FOR ROUGH HARD WEAR NO LEG COVERING HAS EVER BEEN INVENTED EQUAL TO THE PUTTEE.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES—

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**FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.**

IN LIGHT WEIGHT.

With Spats, 10/- per pair.

Without Spats, 6/- per pair.



## AUGUST OUT OF DOORS.

From a window looking over a well-kept lawn I have for days been watching the birds that flew over from a well-wooded demesne—where bird-life has always been protected—at every interval between the frequent storms. There are numbers of thrushes, blackbirds, oxeyes, or great tits, wagtails, and others that feast on the worms and insects about lawns. Someone has noted the fact that wagtails are very numerous in the neighbourhood of railway-stations. They are especially so near the cuttings along the line, knowing from experience that after a train has passed the consequent commotion in the air causes great activity in insect-life.

A niece of mine here had lately a curious little experience with a fine full-grown thrush just after a severe thunderstorm. She noticed it standing perfectly motionless with its eyes closed. It did not stir when she and several other girls went close up to it. After considering it quietly for a little, one of them fetched water in a cup and held it to the bird's beak. It drank at once, and then moved its head from side to side. Bread it declined, but again it drank greedily. One girl said it must have

been struck by lightning, another that the wind had probably banged it against the house and stunned it. After a little, the thrush moved about the length of a foot. Thinking that the cat would probably seize it, the girls fetched a basket, intending to hang the bird in it on to a bough out of her reach; but just as this was brought it took wing and, with its ordinary strong flight, disappeared among the high trees.

House-martins are collecting on the housetops in numbers, preparing for migration; and the swift will soon cease to circle and cry overhead. I was watching numbers of swifts one evening lately; unusually active they were over part of the Weald of Harrow, and Mr Hudson told me a fact about them which I believe he has given fully in his book, "Nature in Downland," one which will be new, I fancy, to most of our readers. The male swifts, it seems, collect and drive all the females home to their roosting-places every evening, after which they fly out again and disport themselves alone together, taking a late supper in truly human fashion, their wives being safely disposed of!

The linnets are gathering in large flocks in the fields. The hobby leaves the wooded districts, and seeks his

quarry in the more open country; the merlin, or stone falcon, hunts along the sea-coast, seeking to vary his common diet of small finches, mice, and beetles by a meal off the dunlins and other little birds of the shore.

The moors are rapidly clothing themselves in purple and gold. The furze, in full bloom, stands bravely out above the flowering ling and deeper-toned heather. Lady-birches wave their leaf-tipped purplish tresses over patches of wind-stirred, delicate blue harebells; and among the whortleberry plants chubby little lads and lasses are finding a purple treasure of juicy berries. How good it is that the sweetest and brightest joys of existence are as free to the poor as to the rich!

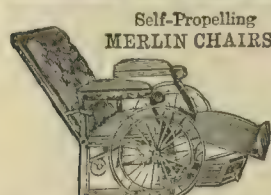
Flocks of young knots arrive early in the month. These birds used to be taken in nets, in quantities, to be fattened for table use. They are said to be called knots after King Canute, who was partial to them. They do not breed here, and will leave us in May for their Arctic breeding-quarters. Whimbrels, brighter-looking birds than the knots, dabble about on the mud-flats when the tide is out. They are called "Seven Whistlers," because their rippling whistle is repeated seven times. Curlew-hilp is their Northern name.

J. A. O.

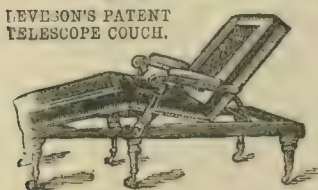
Leveson's Bath Chairs and Invalids' Chairs have been ordered by His Majesty's Government for the use of the Invalid Soldiers from the War.

## LEVESON'S INVALID CHAIRS & CARRIAGES.

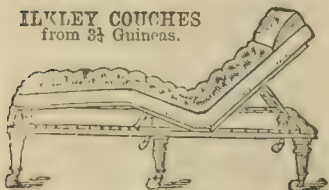
(Established 1849.)



Self-Propelling MERLIN CHAIRS.



LEVESON'S PATENT TELESCOPE COUCH.



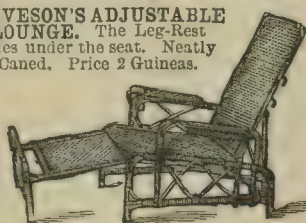
ILKLEY COUCHES from 3½ Guineas.

INVALIDS' COMMODE CHAIRS, SPINAL COUCHES AND CARRIAGES, BED-RESTS, LEG-RESTS, CRUTCHES, RECLINING CHAIRS, BED-TABLES, AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FURNITURE FOR THE USE OF INVALIDS.



READING STANDS, From 1 to 5 Guineas.

LEVESON'S ADJUSTABLE LOUNGE. The Leg-Rest slides under the seat. Neatly Caned. Price 2 Guineas.



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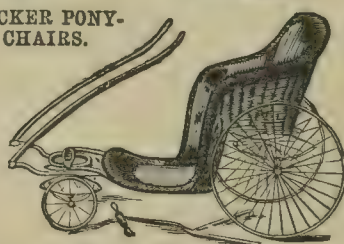
WICKER PONY-CHAIRS.



SPINAL CARRIAGES FOR CHILDREN & ADULTS.



WICKER PONY-CHAIRS.



LEVESON'S WICKER BATH-CHAIRS on easy springs, and self-guiding wheel.



LEVESON'S VICTORIA INVALID'S CARRIAGE with self-guiding front wheel.



BATH-CHAIRS, WITH HOOD AND WINDOW.



THE "STANHOPE" CAR, for a Child to Sit up or Lie Down.



THE "CANOE," on Cee Spring, in White or Light Tan Colour.

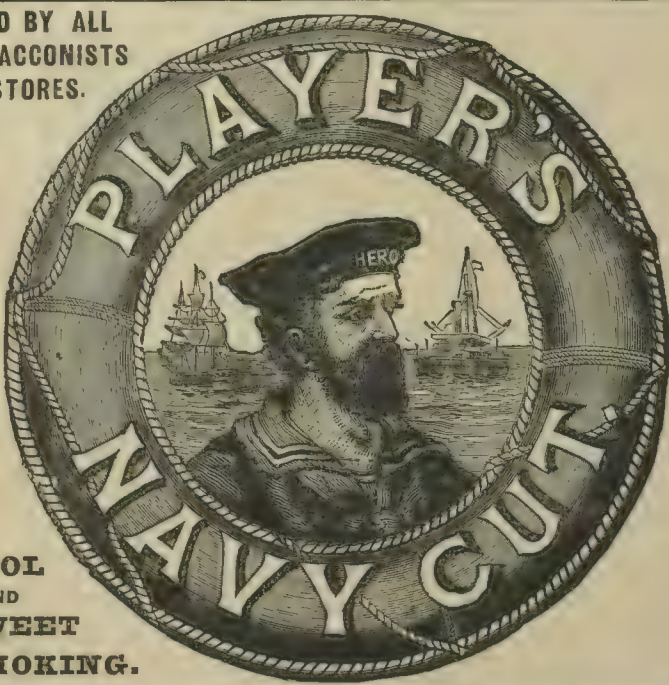
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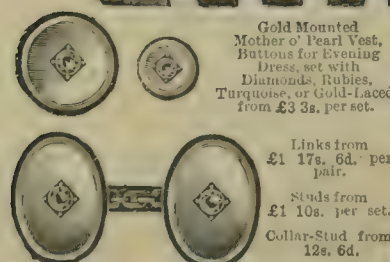
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Handsome Comb, Ornament, Unscrews to form Brooch. All Brilliant. £34.



Gold Mounted Mother of Pearl Vest Buttons for Evening Dress, set with Diamonds, Rubies, Turquoise, or Gold-Laced, from £3 3s. per set.

Links from £1 17s. 6d. per pair.

Studs from £1 10s. per set.

Collar-Stud from 12s. 6d.

OTHER PRICES ON APPLICATION.



13-ct. Ring, set with 9 Choice White Brilliants and 3 Rubies or Sapphires, £8 15s.



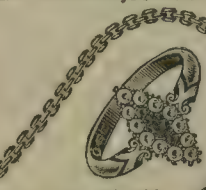
No. 8446.—Fine White Double-cut Brilliants, £9 9s.



No. 8445.—Fine White Double-cut Brilliants, £21 15s.



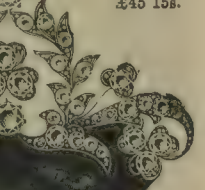
No. 8447.—Fine White Double-cut Brilliants, £16 16s.



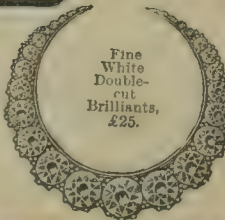
18-ct. Ring, set with Choice White Brilliants & Rubies or Sapphires in centre, £6 15s.



Gold Charm, Ruby Eyes, £1 5s. Smaller Size, 10s. 6d.



18-ct. Gold Seal, with Stone, £5 5s. 15-ct. Gold Seal, with Stone, £4 4s. 9-ct. Gold Seal, with Stone, £3 10s. Gold-Mounted from All Gold, from £3 15s.

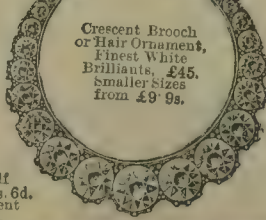


Fine White Double-cut Brilliants, £25.



Fine White Brilliants, Scarf-Pin, £3 15s. Larger Sizes, £4 15s. & £5 15s.

Fine Pearl and Diamond Necklet, £27 10s. Turquoise and Diamond, same price.



Crescent Brooch or Hair Ornament, Finest White Brilliants, £45. Smaller Sizes from £9 9s.



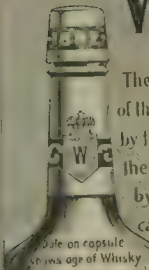
Best Gold Golf Scarf-Pin, 10s. 6d. An Assortment in Stock.

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, & SILVERSMITHS. DIAMOND CUTTING FACTORY, 10, NEWBURY STREET, LONDON, W.C. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: BUSPOOL LONDON.



BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

# "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY.



The age and genuineness of this Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Department of the Canadian Government by certificate over the capsule of every bottle.

Obtainable throughout the World.

**LLOYD'S** IN TUBES, 1s. 6d. and 3s. each.

## THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS

FOR EASY SHAVING, WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER, OR BRUSH.

The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground, and bears this TRADE MARK—



R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd., the Proprietors, bought the with the receipt, trade mark, and goodwill, from the of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured at their Factory.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.

Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd., BERNERS STREET, W., and CITY ROAD, E.C.

Dr. J. M. BARRIE says: "WHAT I call the 'ARCADIA' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the 'CRAVEN' Mixture, and no other."



1-lb. Sample Tin, 2/3; Post Free, 2/6.

**J. J. CARRERAS,**  
7, Wardour Street, Leicester Square,  
LONDON, W.,  
OR ANY TOBACCONIST

**SEEGER'S** It does the hair a beautiful Black, or Black, by merely combing it through.

Annual Sale, 362,000 Bottles.

## HAIR DYE

Of all Hairdressers, or plain washed case, per tube, 2/2. HINDS, LIMITED, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.



## FOR BABY'S BATH USE CUTICURA SOAP

The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap as well as the purest and sweetest for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Millions of Mothers use CUTICURA SOAP assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin of infants and children, for rashes, itchings, and chafings, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. NEWBURY & SONS, 28 Charterhouse Sq., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

# PRICE'S CANDLES.


"GOLD MEDAL PALMITINE"

For Dining and Drawing Rooms.

"GRAND PRIZE PARASTRINE"

For Use Under Shades.

# Goerz Trieder Binoculars



Field of View of a Glass

Field of View of a Goerz Trieder

of the Ordinary Construction.

Binocular of the same power.

The two figures show the comparative fields of view of ordinary field-glasses and of the above glasses, which represent the highest standard of modern optics. They have the largest field of view of all Prismatic Binoculars, and their ingenious arrangement for focussing is unequalled. They are unquestionably the best glasses for the Army and Navy, for Target Practice, Deer Stalking, Yachting, Hunting, &c. The lower powers are excellent Theatre Glasses.

These Glasses can be obtained of any good Optician throughout the Empire. Illustrated Pamphlet will be sent free on application to: Department "I.H." of the Optical Works of C. P. GOERZ, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

# Clarke's ..

## Blood ..

## Mixture

"For.. the .. Blood is ... the .. Life."

HAS STOOD THE TEST FOR THIRTY YEARS, and thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures have been received from all parts of the world.

The World-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer.

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Eczema, Scurvy, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Skin and Blood Diseases, Bolls, Pimples, Blotches and Sores of all kinds, its Effects are Marvellous. It is the only real Specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

It is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world, price 2/9 per bottle, and in cases containing six times the quantity, price 11/-, sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases.

BEWARE of worthless imitations and substitutes.



## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London spent the early days of August at his brother's rectory at Ross, in Herefordshire. Every afternoon he might be seen playing tennis on the lawn at a friend's house. The Bishop goes to Scotland for the latter part of the month, and will not return to Fulham Palace until after the Church Congress.

Father Stanton is preaching at St. Alban's, Holborn, on the Monday evenings of August. He is one of the clergymen to whom the working masses of London owe a special debt of gratitude, for he stays at home during the most difficult and trying month of the summer.

Dr. Winnington-Ingram has sent an official intimation of his elevation to the see of London to the Metropolitan

of St. Petersburg. He desires to continue those acts of courtesy to the Russian Church which distinguished his predecessor, Bishop Mandell Creighton.

The Rev. G. F. C. de Carteret, who will succeed the late Rev. G. S. Reaney as Vicar of Christ Church, Greenwich, has done excellent work as Vicar of St. Paul's, Southwark, a parish which includes some of the worst slums in South London. He is an M.A. of Wadham College, Oxford, and has been a London clergyman for seven years.

Canon Holmes, who was Domestic Chaplain at Cuddesden during the episcopate of Bishop Stubbs, has been presented by Mr. Balfour to the Vicarage of Sonning-on-Thames. It is understood that Bishop Stubbs had intended to present Canon Holmes to a

living, and his appointment has given much satisfaction in the diocese.

Bishop Montgomery, the new secretary of the S.P.G., has had a very interesting career. His father was Sir Robert Montgomery of Indian fame. He himself was a distinguished athlete at Harrow and Cambridge, and has been described by the Bishop of Winchester as "a hero to schoolboys." The Bishop claimed that W. Montgomery knows more about foreign missions than any living man—with the possible exceptions of Prebendary Tucker and Mr. Eugene Stock. He had grown to be by conviction a High Churchman, but was in no sense narrow or partisan. Whilst in England, Bishop Montgomery, who is a son-in-law of Dean Farrar, was not known as a High Churchman.

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge, most agreeable to take.

# TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON, FOR CONSTIPATION,

Hæmorrhoids,  
Bile. Headache,  
Loss of Appetite,  
Gastric and Intestinal Troubles.  
67, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE RD., London, S.E.  
Sold by all Chemists.—A Box, 2s. 6d.

The *Lancet*, Oct. 12, 1880, says: "The medicament most pleasant to children, the Tamar Indien, is absent. An aperient which is as good as a bonbon from Boissier or Siraudin is so typical of French refinement and elegance in the little things of life that it certainly should have held a prominent place."

"FOR THE EMPIRE." EVERY BOY SHOULD SHOOT.  
THE "LABALLE" AIR-GUN.  
ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.  
No. 1 size, 22/6; No. 3, 35/6.

The "LABALLE" Guns are of much sounder construction than the ordinary "Gem" pattern Air Guns, and they shoot with from 30 to 50 per cent. greater force. A "LABALLE" Air Gun is a very suitable Birthday Present for a boy.

TARGET AND RABBIT RIFLES.  
Remington Pattern Rifles, 12/ and 2/5. Martini Rifles, 27/6, 35/6, 45/6, 47/6, 120/6. Other patterns from 10/ to 300/6.  
A Jeffery 12/ Remington Rifle made 11 consecutive 2 in. Bull's-eyes in the Ladies' Match at Aldershot Rifle Meeting, distance 50 yards. These Cheap Rifles are all carefully rifled. Jeffery's K 255 Target or Rabbit Rifle is the most accurate miniature Rifle and is very powerful. Jeffery's 400 S Rifle is the most powerful small bore, and has the longest range of any sporting or military weapon, and is the most accurate shooting Rifle ever made.  
Jeffery's 600 Elephant Rifle is the most powerful obtainable and shoots with great accuracy and gives little recoil.  
Jeffery's are the leading Rifles of the present day both for Target and Game-Shooting, and hold the Records for accurate shooting.  
Price Lists of New and Secondhand Guns and Rifles post free.  
W. J. JEFFERY & CO., 60, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, and 13, King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.

"The Original" Avoid Imitations

## PETER'S MILK-CHOCOLATE

The Charm and Delicacy of this delightful sweetmeat have placed it in front of all other Chocolates. It is nourishing, sustaining, and absolutely Pure.

1d., 3d., 6d., & 1/4. Packets & 6d., & 1/4. Croquettes Sold by all confectioners, etc. Sole Agents (Trade only) S.J. MACKENZIE & CO. LTD., Wellclose Sq. London

FOR BREAKFAST LUNCH OR SUPPER DRINK PETER'S BREAKFAST MILK-CHOCOLATE Sold by all grocers in 6d. & 1/4-packets.



## NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S YACHTING AND DEERSTALKING TELESCOPES AND BINOCULARS.

ILLUSTRATED LISTS FREE BY POST ON APPLICATION.  
The "MacLEOD," with loose Sling Case, is the best practical Deerstalker, £6 10s.  
"THE OFFICER OF THE WATCH."  
Is in use on all the Vessels of H.M. Navy.  
£2 10s.  
TOURIST AND SEASIDE TELESCOPES.  
NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA, 38, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.  
Branches: 45, CORNHILL; 122, REGENT STREET.

D'ALMAINE AND CO.—PIANOS AND ORGANS. All Improvements. Approval Carriage Free both ways. Easy terms. 10 years' warranty. Secondhand good Cottages from 7 guineas; iron-framed, full trichord Pianos from 12/6 per month. Organs from 5 guineas. Full price paid allowed within three years if exchanged for a higher class instrument.  
D'ALMAINE AND CO. (Estd. 186 years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.4.  
Open till 7. Saturdays 3.

## SULPHOLINE

1s. SKIN LOTION  
Bottles. Removes Disfigurements, Pimples, Eruptions, Eczema, Irritation, Developing a Fair Spotless Skin.

## Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL.  
FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY this Powder has sustained an unrivalled reputation throughout the United Kingdom and Colonies as the BEST and SAFEST Article for CLEANING SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATE. Sold in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c.  
GODDARD'S POLISHING CLOTHS.  
Three in a Box, 1s. Agents—OSMOND & MATTHEWS, London.  
GODDARD'S FURNITURE CREAM.  
For Cleaning, and Polishing all kinds of Cabinet Furniture. Sold in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.  
SIX GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

## AN EXPERIMENT FOR THE MONTHS OF AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

CONDITIONS OF SALE OF CARPETS.  
If paid for on or before delivery, 10 per Cent. deduction from the price will be allowed—i.e., 2/- in the £. This applies only to the Carpets and Prices advertised below.  
THE PRICES QUOTED ARE SUBJECT TO THE CARPETS BEING UNSOLD.  
FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

INDIAN CARPETS.				INDIAN CARPETS.			
Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.		Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	
8 11 by 7 0	...	2 13 0	9 3 by 6 3	...	2 8 0	13 2 by 9 3	...
8 11 by 6 2	...	2 5 0	9 1 by 5 11	...	2 7 0	13 5 by 9 3	...
8 11 by 6 2	...	2 5 0	9 2 by 6 3	...	2 8 0	13 4 by 9 2	...
8 11 by 7 0	...	2 13 0	9 0 by 6 0	...	2 5 0	13 3 by 9 4	...
8 11 by 6 11	...	2 13 0	9 0 by 5 3	...	2 5 0	13 1 by 9 4	...
9 2 by 6 4	...	2 10 0	9 2 by 4 11	...	2 2 0	13 6 by 9 3	...
9 0 by 6 3	...	2 7 0	9 1 by 5 1	...	2 3 0	13 4 by 9 5	...
9 3 by 6 2	...	2 10 0	9 2 by 6 2	...	2 10 0	13 5 by 9 5	...
9 2 by 6 4	...	2 10 0	9 2 by 6 3	...	2 2 0	13 5 by 9 4	...
9 0 by 5 11	...	2 5 0	10 1 by 7 3	...	2 13 0	14 10 by 12 10	...
9 2 by 6 5	...	2 10 0	10 4 by 7 4	...	2 14 0	14 4 by 9 7	...
9 0 by 6 3	...	2 7 0	10 0 by 6 1	...	2 5 0	14 9 by 9 6	...
9 1 by 6 3	...	2 10 0	10 3 by 6 3	...	2 6 0	14 8 by 9 7	...
9 2 by 6 5	...	2 10 0	11 11 by 9 4	...	4 13 0	14 6 by 9 7	...
9 1 by 6 0	...	2 10 0	11 10 by 9 3	...	4 12 0	15 6 by 12 4	...
9 1 by 6 2	...	2 7 0	11 11 by 9 3	...	4 0 0	15 11 by 10 6	...
9 0 by 6 0	...	2 5 0	11 2 by 7 4	...	4 10 0	15 5 by 10 5	...
9 0 by 6 2	...	2 7 0	12 3 by 9 3	...	4 2 0	15 3 by 12 0	...
9 1 by 6 1	...	2 5 0	12 5 by 9 6	...	4 18 0	15 4 by 10 5	...
9 0 by 6 3	...	2 10 0	12 6 by 9 2	...	4 15 0	15 5 by 12 4	...
9 0 by 6 2	...	2 5 0	12 1 by 9 5	...	4 15 0	15 6 by 12 4	...
9 1 by 6 2	...	2 7 0	12 3 by 6 2	...	2 14 0	15 7 by 12 7	...
9 2 by 7 1	...	2 15 0	12 5 by 9 3	...	4 2 0	15 5 by 12 3	...
9 1 by 7 2	...	2 15 0	12 6 by 8 4	...	3 16 0	15 7 by 12 2	...
9 0 by 7 0	...	2 13 0	12 5 by 6 3	...	2 16 0	15 6 by 10 4	...
9 1 by 7 0	...	2 13 0	12 5 by 9 6	...	4 5 0	15 7 by 12 0	...
9 3 by 6 10	...	2 13 0	12 3 by 9 5	...	4 3 0	15 8 by 10 4	...
9 2 by 6 3	...	2 10 0	12 6 by 8 3	...	3 15 0	15 4 by 10 0	...
9 0 by 9 1	...	3 13 0	12 4 by 9 7	...	4 6 0	15 7 by 12 0	...
9 11 by 9 2	...	3 15 0	12 6 by 9 6	...	4 6 0	15 4 by 9 3	...
9 5 by 7 0	...	2 15 0	12 5 by 6 2	...	2 15 0	15 0 by 12 2	...
9 2 by 7 2	...	2 15 0	12 7 by 6 4	...	2 17 0	16 0 by 11 1	...
9 0 by 7 1	...	2 13 0	12 2 by 9 3	...	4 2 0	16 2 by 11 2	...
9 2 by 7 3	...	2 15 0	12 4 by 6 2	...	4 2 0	16 0 by 10 2	...
9 0 by 7 3	...	2 14 0	12 6 by 6 3	...	2 15 0	16 8 by 10 4	...
9 1 by 7 1	...	2 14 0	12 0 by 9 5	...	2 16 0	16 5 by 12 5	...
9 0 by 7 0	...	2 13 0	12 3 by 9 2	...	4 15 0	18 4 by 12 4	...
9 0 by 6 2	...	2 6 0	12 2 by 9 1	...	4 12 0	18 8 by 12 3	...
9 1 by 6 3	...	2 8 0	12 2 by 9 0	...	4 12 0	18 10 by 12 8	...
9 0 by 6 1	...	2 5 0	13 6 by 13 2	...	5 15 0	18 10 by 12 5	...

Please note that the special discount of 2s. in the £ off the above prices refers only to the Carpets now advertised, and will be allowed only during the months of August and September, 1901.  
CATALOGUES AND ESTIMATES FOR ALL FLOOR COVERINGS FREE.  
A copy of "LUDGATE HILL, PAST AND PRESENT," by SIR W. P. TRELOAR, will be forwarded without charge upon receipt of 3d. in stamps, cost of postage.

TRELOAR & SONS, Ludgate Hill, LONDON.  
Telegraphic Address—"TRELOAR, LONDON." Telephone Number, 5044 Bank. Established 1832. Eleven Prize Medals.

## S. SMITH & SON, WATCHMAKERS TO THE ADMIRALTY.

Our only Address is  
9, STRAND  
(under the Clock), 5 doors from Charing Cross.

PRIZE MEDAL, PARIS, 1900.

## CLOCKS.

Our 1901 Edition of our Book "A" on Clocks will be sent free by post. A Complete "Guide to the Purchase of a Clock."

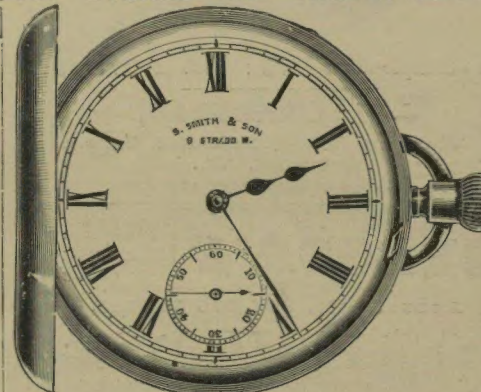


This illustration is one of our own make of ALL ENGLISH Striking Grandfather Clocks, in Solid Oak or Mahogany, from £17 15 0 Brass Gilt and Silvered Dial, Wire Lines. Sent safely to any part of the World.

TURRET CLOCKS, HALL CLOCKS, &c.

ALL OUR WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND JEWELLERY can be had on "The Times" ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA system of payment by monthly instalments. Full particulars and our Book "A Guide to the Purchase of a Watch" will be sent post free, also Jewellery Catalogue.

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ALL ENGLISH, KEYLESS.  
18-ct. Gold Cases, Demi-Hunter or Full Hunter, £16 16s.  
Open Face, Crystal Glass, £13 15s.  
Silver Cases, Crystal Glass, £5.  
Full Hunter, £6 6s. Demi-Hunter, £6 15s.

Our Exhibit at the GLASGOW 1901 EXHIBITION is in the CENTRAL HALL, where we have secured a large space.

## HOVENDEN'S EASY HAIR CURLER

They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective, and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
12 CURLERS IN BOX. FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by Drapers and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label.  
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, LTD., BERNERS ST., W., AND CITY ROAD, E.C.4, LONDON.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, RHEUMATISM, and PAIN and WEAKNESS in the BACK, speedily relieved and cured by HALE'S IMPROVED ELECTRIC BELT. ONE and TWO GUINEAS. Medical References. Pamphlets and Consultations Free. No Metal contact with the Skin.  
HALE and SON, 105, REGENT STREET, W.

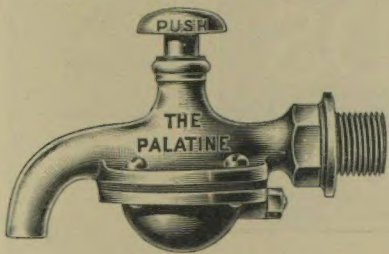
## MELLIN'S FOR INFANTS FOOD AND INVALIDS

is an accurate blending of substances rich in everything tending to nourish and sustain children and sick persons. Sample bottle sent free on application. Mention this paper.—Mellin's Food Works, Peckham, S.E.



# AN ENTIRELY NEW SELF CLOSING TAP.

ABSOLUTELY NON-CONCUSSIVE.



Will work with any Pressure.  
Does not Waste.

Easily Repaired.

PERFECT FOR STREET FOUNTAINS  
And Essential in all cases where Water has to be  
Paid for by Meter.

Price— $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch 5/-,  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch 7/- each.

TRADE ONLY SUPPLIED.

PALATINE ENGINEERING CO., LTD.  
10, BLACKSTOCK STREET,  
LIVERPOOL.

Sole Makers of  
LORD KELV N'S PATENT HOT & COLD WATER TAPS.

Best Hand Work.

Very finest American Virginia Leaf.

Absolutely Pure.

## PALM BRAND

SPECIAL STRAIGHT CUT  
CIGARETTES.

Of all High-Class Tobacconists and Stores.

Sample Box of 25, 1s. 5d., Post Free.

Sole Manufacturers—R. LOCKYER &amp; CO., 13, BUNHILL ROW, E.C. (Established 1882.)

## ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD. BELFAST,

And 164, 166, &amp; 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.



Irish Linen & Damask Manufacturers and Furnishers to  
HIS GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, THE EMPRESS FREDERICK,  
Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe.

Supply the Public with Every Description of

### HOUSEHOLD LINENS,

From the Least Expensive to the **FINEST** in the World, which, being Woven by Hand, wear  
longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate  
profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

FULL DETAILED ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES POST FREE.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

## TAKE A KODAK WITH YOU ON YOUR HOLIDAYS.

No holiday is perfect without a means  
of photographing interesting incidents,  
places, and persons. Kodak cameras  
are light, compact, and eminently  
suited for all holiday makers. They  
are readily mastered by anyone in a  
few minutes, and require no dark room  
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5/- to £7 7s. each. Of all photo-  
graphic dealers, or of KODAK, Ltd.,  
43, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.;  
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W.; 59, Brompton Road, S.W.;  
40, Strand, W.C.; also at 96, Bold  
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WRITE FOR PARTICULARS OF  
THE GREAT BROWNIE KODAK COMPETITION  
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

50 VALUABLE PRIZES, AMOUNTING TO  
UPWARDS OF £100 IN VALUE.

## PASTA



## MACK

For Bath and Toilet use.

PASTA MACK is made in perfumed Tablets,  
Sparkling and Effervescent when placed in the  
water. Beautifies the complexion, softens the  
water and yields a delicious perfume to the skin.  
To be had of all Chemists and Perfumers, in  
2/6 and 1/- boxes, or direct from the Wholesale  
Depot 32, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E. C.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield,  
Sir Morell Mackenzie,  
Oliver Wendell Holmes,  
Miss Emily Faithful,  
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and many other persons of distinction have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

## HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established over a quarter of a century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world.  
It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.  
A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post.  
In Tins, 4s. 3d.  
British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of  
Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, J. Sanger & Son,  
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Member of the Jury. Hors-Concours.

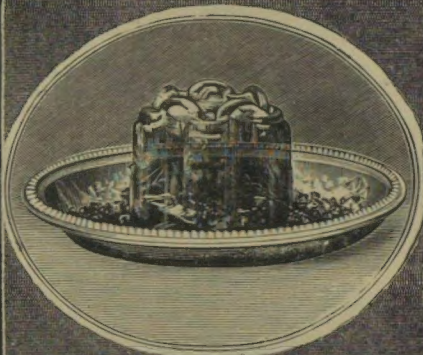
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The most renowned DENTIFRICE  
The ONLY ONE approved by the  
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**BOTOT'S GLYCERINE TOOTH PASTE** | **BOTOT'S QUINQUINA TOOTH POWDER**

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## Delicious Dishes for Warm Weather

are easily and economically prepared where Lemco  
finds a place in the kitchen. For the preparation of  
Cold Meat Jellies, Cold Meat Pies, and delicious  
Curries, Lemco is invaluable.

A small pot in the pantry will go a long way  
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### PRAWNS IN ASPIC.

Ingredients— $\frac{1}{2}$  pints water or veal stock. Juice and rind of one lemon.  
1 teaspoonful Lemco. 24 ozs. of gelatine.  
2 whites of eggs and shells. Salt and peppercorns.  
1 gill of sherry. 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 turnip.  
1 gill mixed vinegars. 1 stick of celery.  
4 cloves, 4 allspice, cinnamon.

Method.—Put all the ingredients, except prawns and mustard and cress, into a  
pan, with the eggs whipped up, and whisk over the fire until boiling; simmer for  
30 minutes. Then strain through a coarse cloth.

Set the jelly and prawns in layers with some mustard and cress in a cable  
mould. When cold turn out and dish with prawns' heads and chopped aspic.

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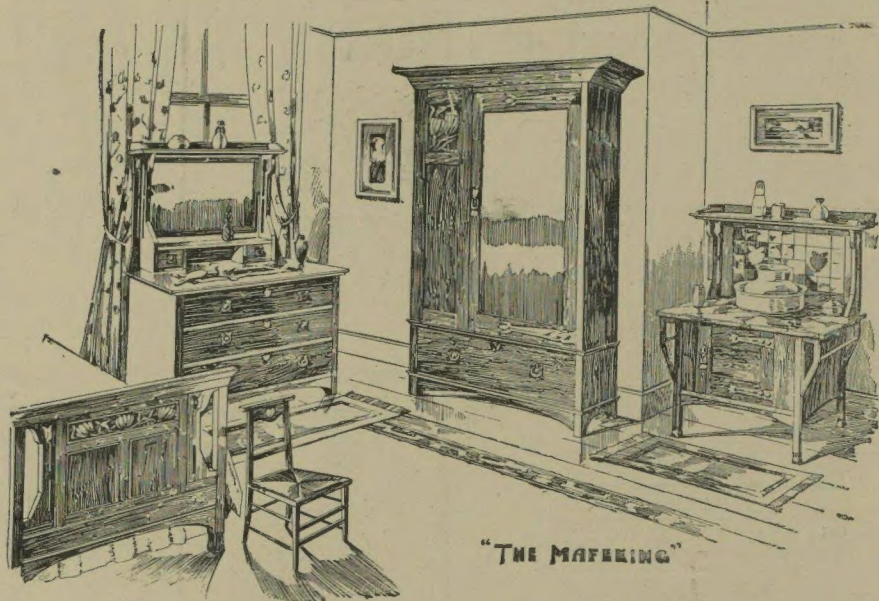
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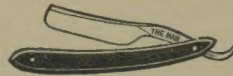
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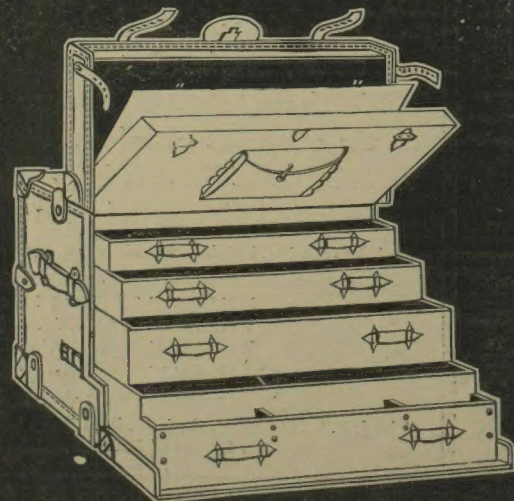
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